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PHILOSOPHY

Unsoundness in perspective

Richard Rorty

RICHARD SCHACHT

Nietzsche
546pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul.
£18.50.
0710091915

GILLES DELEUZE

Nietzsche and Philosophy
Translated by Hugh Tomlinson
221pp. Athlone Press. £16.
0485112337

Berle Wooster, while infatuated with the learned Honoria Glossop, instructed Jeeves to procure copies of Nietzsche's books. Jeeves was recalcitrant. "You would not enjoy Nietzsche, sir," he explained, "he is fundamentally unsound." Recent writers on Nietzsche have usually agreed with Jeeves, but have gone on to argue that soundness is not all that it has been cracked up to be. They claim that the traditions which embody philosophical soundness need to be overturned, and that Nietzsche helps us see how to get out from under those traditions. They have used Nietzsche to question the very idea of philosophy as an argumentative, quasi-scientific discipline, which tries to get things (eg the nature of knowledge, or of justice) right. They have shared Nietzsche's scepticism about the idea that we can appeal to a common background of intuitive beliefs which provides premises for arguments and serves as a criterion of soundness. Much of contemporary French and German philosophy uses Nietzsche as a touchstone, because it sees him as questioning assumptions which run all the way from Plato to Hegel, and thus as making possible a new form of philosophical life, one which is critical rather than constructive, dramatic rather than argumentative.

Richard Schacht is untypical. He urges that we judge Nietzsche's views on the basis of "soundness and adequacy." His book is a volume in the distinguished "Arguments of the Philosophers" series, a series which aims at making such judgments possible. Books in this series have tried to place people as diverse as Plato, Frege and Sartre within a common universe of discourse, to see them against the background of some widely shared beliefs. Professor Schacht rejects the charge that Nietzsche "lowered" philosophical activity "to the level of the mere mongering of well-sounding phrases, thus reducing it to a kind of quasi-literary enterprise of little or no cognitive significance." Like the late Walter Kaufmann (in his path-breaking 1930 book on Nietzsche), Schacht offers us a Nietzsche who has a lot of plausible views about topics and problems usually deemed "philosophical". Views which are to be placed alongside those of other philosophers and then argued out. Whereas Kaufmann wrote in a climate of hostile opinion which made it necessary for him to engage in polemics against those who had slandered his hero, Schacht is able to capitalize on Kaufmann's efforts, and to write a systematic explication of Nietzschean doctrines. He includes very little discussion of other commentators (although there is a brief reference to the "inadequate contrasts" of "certain recent French writers"). Schacht's book supercedes Kaufmann's, in the sense that it contains Kaufmann's enterprise while being fuller, more perspicuously organized, and more helpful to the reader coming to Nietzsche for the first time, and needing help in placing together the apparently contradictory things which Nietzsche says. Schacht has no background message, no philosophical project of his own for which he wishes to enlist Nietzsche's support. He simply lays out, very lucidly, the considerations Nietzsche offered, making them look as coherent and plausible as he can.

In taking this traditional "sound" line, Schacht self-consciously and courageously runs the danger of being unfaithful to Nietzsche's own intentions. Nietzsche spent a lot of time belittling his own novelty and distinguishing himself from what, he called, "academic runarounds". Schacht

confronts this problem head-on in his first two chapters, where he takes up the question of Nietzsche's "perspectivism". Nietzsche often denounces the very idea of "getting things right", as opposed to getting a perspective on something which will facilitate the activity of a person (or a community) at a given time. "There are many kinds of eyes," he says, "and consequently there are many kinds of 'truths', and consequently there is no truth." Those who glory in Nietzsche's unsoundness emphasize this quasi-perspectivism. They proceed to questions like "How can someone who denies objective truth legitimate his own claims? What must Nietzsche (and, more generally, philosophical) discourse be if we are to drop the

way the opposing set, rather than the other way around. Schacht does not do enough to convince us that we should downgrade Nietzsche's pragmatist passages, rather than explaining the realist passages away as occasional willingness to speak with the vulgar. He argues that perspectivism is a "second-level" analysis of truth, to be complemented by a "third-level" analysis which will restore realism to its rights, but he does not back up this suggestion by an explanation of how a characterization can be "apt" if it characterizes something which has no nature. He suggests that one can play perspectives off against each other so as "to achieve a meta-level perspective", but this Hegelian notion seems very un-Nietzschean indeed.

philosophies, each of which has tried to outdo the last in subversive unsoundness. Gilles Deleuze's book is an example of this recent Franco-German use of Nietzsche. *Nietzsche et la Philosophie* was published, to considerable acclaim, in 1962. It is now ably translated, six years after the translation of Deleuze and Guattari's *Anti-Oedipus* of 1972, a book which takes off from where *Nietzsche and Philosophy* stops. Both those books take seriously a side of Nietzsche which Heidegger reinterprets beyond recognition, and which Schacht describes in detail without attempt to criticize it or make something out of it. This is the metaphysical system-building side, the use of the distinction between "active" (good) and "reactive" (bad) manifestations of the will to power—a distinction which Nietzsche and Deleuze apply across the face of the whole universe, from bacteria to nation-states. This distinction is initially stated, clearly but unhelpfully, as that between the superior or dominant forces "in a body and the inferior or dominated ones". Later Deleuze obscures this as follows:

Reactive forces is: (1) utilitarian force of adaptation and partial limitation; (2) force which separates active force from what it can do, which denies active force (triumph of the weak or the slaves); (3) force separated from what it can do, which denies or turns against itself (reign of the weak or of slaves). And, analogously, active force is: (1) plastic, dominant, and subjugating force; (2) force which goes to the limit of what it can do; (3) force which affirms its difference, which makes its difference an object of enjoyment and affirmation.

This marvellously flexible definition is employed to say some illuminating things, eg, to criticize "the dialectic" (a French code-name for everything bad in Hegel) as "the natural ideology of resentment and bad conscience... thought in the perspective of nihilism and from the standpoint of reactive forces... powerless to create new ways of thinking and feeling". But it is never clear whether we really need all this talk of "forces" to make these familiar anti-Hegelian points.

This definition also permits Deleuze to make a lot of Nietzsche's sillier remarks sound vaguely plausible. For example, "Sickness as such is a form of resentment." In this early book, however, Deleuze never quite identifies himself with this sort of slapdash *Naturphilosophie*, reminiscent of Norman Mailer's attempt to see homosexuality as an alternative to cancer. But in *Anti-Oedipus* (the first volume of a double-decker called *Capitalism and Schizophrenia*) he succumbs to its temptations and constructions of a long series of ingenious elaborations of the idea that everything that comes up is a "desiring machine". It is self-deception, Deleuze had despised of outdoing Heidegger and Derrida in the "end of metaphysics" line, and had decided that nothing would be more subversive than to cook up a new metaphysics under the Nietzschean guise of "genealogy".

The penalty Schacht pays for denoting perspectivism as that the Nietzsche he offers us does not seem a very original or striking figure. He is one more nineteenth-century sceptic with doubts about progress, Christianity and liberalism, one who combined these doubts with some neologistic *Naturphilosophie* manipulations of words like "forces" and "will". Schacht gives us an admirably systematic account of the doubts, making just the right connections between passages in disparate works to let us see how the doubts hung together. But once the perspectivism is taken away, these remain the sort of doubts one can have while remaining fundamentally "sound". They are not the sort of doubts which make us want to turn everything upside down, to forget the European past, to overcome ourselves.

It is the unsound Nietzsche, the perspectivist *à la Foucault*, who has been glorified on the Continent, especially after Heidegger tipped him for the position of "last metaphysician" (thereby claiming that, for himself), according to Heidegger, Nietzsche reduced to absurdity the whole idea of metaphysics, and everything that the Plato-Hegel tradition stood for. He made it impossible to argue to sound things really are by an appeal to sound common sense. By taking the anti-realist passages in Nietzsche very seriously indeed, Heidegger set the stage for a series of neo-Nietzschean

notion of correspondence to reality? Schacht, by contrast, argues that the perspectivism needs to be balanced by other passages in which Nietzsche seems to claim good old-fashioned "realist" truth for his views. He thinks, for example, that Nietzsche's claim that the essence of reality is "the will to power" is intended to have "an epistemically favored status in relation to various others, which have been and might be proposed". Whereas most recent commentators on Nietzsche would say that the only superiority which Nietzsche can claim for this view is that it suits a better, stronger, freer sort of person, Schacht thinks its superiority is a matter of the *aptness* of the characterization in relation to that which it characterizes.

I think that Schacht's courageous attempt fails. He shows us, to be sure, that Nietzsche said things incompatible with his perspectivism. But he does not show us how to get around the incompatibility. He says that Nietzsche could "not express himself as he does" in the passages which are incompatible with perspectivism if he did not think that "there is something to be known", which may or may not be comprehended at all adequately, and that he thinks this "notwithstanding his repudiation of 'things-in-themselves', 'true being', and other such standards of ontological investigation". But items of ontological investigation must have some sense. In Nietzsche very often accept such contradictions as face value or else explain why one set of passages should be used to explain

The metaphysics he offers us is very much like the "process philosophy" of Bergson and Whitehead. The process philosophers of the early twentieth century were concerned to get away from the Aristotelian notion of physical substance and in particular, from the atom of Lucretius and Boyle. They still preserved something like the Cartesian notion of the self, however, although (as panpsychists) they generally attributed quasi-selves to every little chunk of the universe. Deleuze's main target is the Cartesian substance, but his strategy and rhetoric is the same as Bergson's. Levi-Strauss says of Bergson that he "reduced being and things to a state of mush in order to bring out their inaffability". Deleuze dissolves everything into a mush of reactive forces in order to bring out their underlying hardness. His account of "desiring machines" is like the account of "actual entities" in Whitehead's *Process and Reality*, rewritten by somebody whose

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Oxford University Press

favourite poet is Brecht (rather than, as Whitehead's was, Wordsworth.)

The connection with Nietzsche is strained to breaking-point in *And Oedipus*, but even in *Nietzsche and Philosophy* there are many places at which Nietzsche is associated with remarks which would probably have struck him as merely, and insufferably, Pinsonian. Deleuze mentions, for example, that "The use of philosophy is to *sadden*." So much for the gay science. Again, Deleuze expects us to swallow de Sade whole: "Pain has only one meaning: giving pleasure to someone, giving pleasure to someone who inflicts or contemplates pain." He cites some supporting texts from Nietzsche, but these conflict with the more typically Nietzschean line of thought which says that nothing has "only one" meaning (but rather as many as there are perspectives in which it can be placed), and that de Sade's was a paradigmatically "reactive" perspective.

The trouble with such flexible definitions of terms like "active" and "affirmation", and with such Brechtian metaphysics, is that it is all too easy. One can display one's brilliance simply by gazing up and down between levels of abstraction and degrees of vagueness as needed, so that "active" means something quite specific on one page and is roughly synonymous with "praiseworthy" on the next. One can thus say practically anything one likes

and make it sound harshly inevitable. It is true that Nietzsche himself indulged in this sort of fireworks, but it is hard to see why someone of Deleuze's talents should cultivate and imitate the mere fatuous side of Nietzsche. Deleuze is much better when he eschews metaphysics in favour of the familiar anti-Hegelian polemic which Heidegger and Derrida also take over from Nietzsche. In those parts of the book, he has good, if debatable, things to say about why "there is no possible compromise between Hegel and Nietzsche", about "the positivity of the real" as something "primarily manufactured by the dialectic itself with the products of the negative" and about why "sense and value", rather than truth, is "the element in which thought moves".

Schacht's Nietzsche may be less interesting than Deleuze's, but his book is a better example of its kind than Deleuze's is of its. Schacht does an honest and thorough job of setting out Nietzsche's thought and offering it for our inspection. By contrast, what is good in Deleuze is not particularly new, and what is new – the beginnings of the "philosophy of desire" threatens an even more tedious "modern scholasticism" (Deleuze's own description of phenomenology) than the one it hopes to replace. Schacht is surely right in thinking that we have to start from where we are in thinking about Nietzsche. We cannot

get anywhere if we pretend, like Deleuze, to be living in what Lukács called the "Grand Hotel Abgrund", lested light-years away from the world which provokes our day-to-day mental and political deliberations.

Schacht shows that Nietzsche was taking advantage of tensions within the vocabulary of such daily deliberations, and that there are argumentative as well as dramatic ways to get from the relative soundness of such vocabularies to Nietzsche's relative unsoundness. Deleuze's insistence that we cut all argumentative links, that Nietzsche cannot coexist in the same universe of discourse as common sense and the philosophical tradition, tends to boomerang. It makes common sense, the philosophical tradition and Hegel look better than they should. Such over-insistence undoes the good work of dialectical subversion which Nietzsche accomplished. If we have to choose between dialectic and neelegant system-building *ex nihilo*, then we had better stick with dialectic a while longer. Schacht may be too concerned to make Nietzsche "cognitive" rather than "literary", too reluctant to follow up on Nietzsche's own subversion of the cognitive-literary distinction. But he does help us get bold of the lines of argument which Nietzsche employed in this subversive work, lines which might, if extended a bit, let us get rid of Deleuze's genealogy-dialectic distinction as well.

Tackling the Titan

Michael Tanner

MARTIN GREGOR-DELLIN

Richard Wagner: His Life, His Work, His Century
Translated by J. Maxwell Brownjohn
575pp. Collins. £17.50.
0002166690

For those of us for whom life would be intolerable without Wagner's art, several questions present themselves urgently. And even for people in whose lives his work plays a smaller though still a significant role, or who feel hostile to it, the questions still press. What is the impact of a whole personality, that they are in the fullest and strongest sense "expressive" and that the personality expressed is an extremely powerful and dominating one; the need to explore the biography of the author of them is much more pressing than it is in the case of many other artists, including supremely great ones. This, among other reasons, is why there is such a plethora of Wagner biographies, quite apart from the enormous number of books which examine the nature of his art, its influence on the most miscellaneous collection of important figures, from Beethoven to Hitler, and the ideological views which he put forth in innumerable prose works, and in his conversations, as minutely recorded by Cosima in her Diaries.

It is also an extraordinarily well-documented life. Not only was Wagner a copious correspondent, some of whose letters are still coming to light, but he also dictated to Cosima a highly tendentious autobiography; the impression he made on many of his contemporaries was so strong that we have a huge number of reminiscences of him, and from a relatively early stage he was so controversial a figure that his activities, artistic and otherwise, were the subject of unrelenting attention and publicity. So the intending biographer has a vast amount of data to consider, including many previous biographies, which themselves present many problems. The first "complete" one, by Gluckstadt, is the worst of the discipline, and therefore contains besides a great deal of invaluable information, much more haphazardly, and distortions of many of the most controversial incidents in the Master's life. Not surprisingly, it provoked many works written in reaction against it. Thus the pattern was set early on: accounts of Wagner's life were either for or against. It has proved, over a century, a very difficult pattern to break. The classic attempt to transcend it, to produce something truly objective, was Ernest Newman's four-volume work, written in the difficult years from 1930 to 1945, and drawing on as many

primary sources as he had available to him. It remains a staggering achievement, and despite its prodigious length, the most readable of Wagner biographies. Newman realized that the more day-to-day detail he included, the more the story would be. It is only in the last volume that his sense of proportion deserts him, and the detective galleys the upper hand, so that, for instance, he devotes many pages to determining the precise date of Nietzsche's departure from Bayreuth, but omits to provide the dates of the first complete performance of *The Ring*. None the less his work, which astonishingly has never been translated into German, remains the point of departure for all subsequent biographers. The next significant addition to a fairly grand scale was Curt von Westernhagen's *Wagner* (German edition 1968, English edition 1977). But while it incorporates a good deal of material that was not available to Newman, it is essentially a devotional work, primarily commendable as late-eight reading for the faithful. In the same year, Robert W. Gutman's *Richard Wagner: The Men, His Mind and His Music* appeared in the United States and England, and was translated into German two years later. It is a sustained – very sustained – hymn of hatred, to which Wagner is given the benefit of no doubts; indeed, there are no doubts. He emerges as a "characterless ogre", who produced an oeuvre fascinating only on account of its combination of a comprehensive loathing for non-Aryan mankind and pathologically intense sexuality.

Since then, there has been a steady stream of biographies which have been little more than rehashes of what was previously available; except that since the publication of Cosima's *Diaries* in 1976 and 1977, it has been possible, or necessary, to add details about Wagner's daily life, and so on. But the thing to do, as it is said, is to read Cosima's *Diaries* complete. They are incomparable. Even so, a genuinely new biography has long been needed, to take account of the many discoveries, some of them rather important, that have been made in recent years. Courage is needed: the Wagner experts, of whom the most notable English representative is John Derrington, the Rousman of Wagner scholarship, are vigilant and merciless. It is almost not true that Carl Dahlhaus is the most important of his colleagues. Richard Wagner's *Music Drama*, that the story of Wagner's life has been told so often that it can be told no longer. The most fervent anti-Wagnerian would deny sincerely to the name of himself in his own name, about himself in Cosima's diary on June 1, 1899. He complained calling "Loving, loving him to leave his moral, his religious, his undeveloped, he could do nothing else, otherwise everything would turn out

taking scholarship, musicalological expertise and psychological penetration is the least that's required. With the publication in Germany in 1981 of Martin Gregor-Dellin's large but not overwhelming book *Richard Wagner: Sein Leben, Sein Werk, Sein Jahrhundert* it looked as if one's hopes might have found something approaching fulfilment. Gregor-Dellin is a *Schriftsteller*, that is to say a man of letters who, being German, knows much more about many more subjects than men of letters in other countries can be expected to. Eleven years ago he published a useful *Wagner Chronik*, an annotated list of dates of a kind that for some reason we don't go in for here, helpful as they are. He co-edited, with Dietrich Mack, Cosima's *Diaries*, though it can't be said he made a very good job either of the annotations or of the editing. None the less, he is clearly steeped in his subject. Furthermore, he is the leading authority on Klaus Mann, a literary critic of wide range, a novelist and playwright, a remarkable range of cultural reference and a very balanced view of things. His book is notable for its cool (in the best sense) tone, and its general lack of partisanship. It is not surprising that it has been widely hailed as the book on Wagner that we've been waiting for.

However, there has been one pleasing note of discord: Hartmut Zelinsky, Germany's up-market answer to Robert Gutman, has produced an enormous review of unrelenting savagery in *Musik-Konzept* 25, entitled "Salvation in Inaccuracy". He finds the book scarcely any improvement on old-style apologetics – if anything, worse in virtue of its elaborate display of fallaciousness. He is particularly furious with Gregor-Dellin for his leniency with Wagner over his anti-Semitism; and for his failure to see what a dire cultural-political omen Wagner was. On many detailed points Zelinsky makes his case. But as Gregor-Dellin makes his case, the chapter called "The German Spirit and the Wagnerian" was so inconsistent a thicket, coming down as it did from the pen of T. S. Eliot, with equal dignity and firmness on both sides of any question, that perhaps it is vain to seek salvation in precision, at least as far as his discursively expressed opinions go. For that matter, his actions, the number of Jews among his closest friends was astonishing, and indeed would be for anyone, however pro-Semitic, they might be. Only the most fervent anti-Wagnerian would deny sincerely to the name of himself in his own name, about himself in Cosima's diary on June 1, 1899. He complained calling "Loving, loving him to leave his moral, his religious, his undeveloped, he could do nothing else, otherwise everything would turn out

badly; to be a thoroughly moral person demanded complete self-sacrifice."

This quotation focuses for the reviewer the two central issues in dealing with this book. The first is what it says, which I shall return to. The second is that it occurs at the end of Gregor-Dellin's important chapter "Genius, Work, and Character", and Gregor-Dellin writes about it: "It is the most authentic thing there is to be read about him in the Diaries." But it does not appear in the English translation under review. Nor does approximately half of the German text, which runs to 843 closely-printed pages. The English version is 524 pages long, and is not closely printed. Nowhere is there any hint that this exceedingly drastic abridgement, has been perpetrated, nor, *a fortiori*, any indication as to who is responsible for it. One must assume that it is the translator, who has more or less turned the original into simply another biography of Wagner, scarcely distinguishable from the never-ending stream, except for the correction of a few common errors and the inclusion of fragments of criticism and speculation. There is nothing more about "His Century" than is absolutely necessary for the understanding of "His Life", and there is very little indeed about "His Work". The abridging is often done carelessly, too; on page 106, for example, we are told of the original draft of *Der fliegende Holländer* that "the action still took place on the Scottish coast". But since the account in the original German (page 128ff) is omitted, the "still" is meaningless. Again, on page 196 we read of Jessie Lassall: "*Wieland der Schmied* appealed to her more than *Die Walküre*, and she promptly identified herself with the 'swan bride'." But the account of *Wieland der Schmied* has also been omitted, fascinating as it is, so that remark is unintelligible. Examples could, as they say, be multiplied indefinitely. What matters is that Gregor-Dellin's book has been ruined.

It is, in any case, a strange work. Intent on demythologizing Wagner, he constructs a haphazard myth of his own. Thus some of his chapter headings are "Wilhelm Meister's Youth" (in German the English is simply "Apprenticeship"), "Dr. Richard Faust, in Dresden", "The World Is My Idea" (the opening sentence of Schopenhauer's *magnum opus*), and "Redemption for the Redeemer" (the closing words of *Parzival*). And the beginning of his Postlude is an italicized quotation (in the German edition) from the final sentence of *Death in Venice*: "On the same day, a shocked and respectful world received the news of his death," de-capitalized and modified in English, and with no indication that it is a semi-quotation. It isn't clear to me what is

mean, but it is a thoroughly moral person demanded complete self-sacrifice."

Clark was Disney Professor of Archaeology at Cambridge for twenty years from 1953 and then became Master of Peterhouse, retiring in 1980. During his tenure of the chair, the traditional links at Cambridge between archaeology, anthropology and ethnology were very strong and the convergence of the archaeological teaching also became very wide, as was appropriate to a period which saw a tremendous expansion of popular interest in archaeology in Britain and many other countries. One can see how all these factors operated constantly to broaden Clark's interests and to lead him as early as 1961 to publish his *Prehistoric Europe: the economic basis*, published by Methuen in 1952, and of one could accuse him of seeing archaeology in terms of culture-history alone.

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The grass-roots and below

D. A. Roe

ANDRÉ LEROI-GOURHAN

Le Fil du temps: Ethnologie et préhistoire
284pp. Paris: Fayard. 140 fr.
2135 01240 7

GRAHAME CLARK

The Identity of Man: As seen by an archaeologist
184pp. Methuen. £12.50.
0 416 33550 0

It is something of a coincidence that these works by two towering figures of twentieth-century archaeology should appear at almost the same moment. Both are concerned with the human story and are of broad scope within the fields of archaeology and ethnology, and each side has a retrospective element. André Leroi-Gourhan presents a selection of important papers written between 1935 and 1970, here linked and placed in perspective by a new commentary suitable for a wider audience. Grahame Clark's book, on the other hand, is a new piece of writing, though in it he returns to certain favourite themes and, for anyone who has written as many books as he has, it must be virtually impossible at this stage not to be retrospective, at least in part. In any case, retrospection by authors who have completed such careers as these in the academic world is highly desirable and does not prevent them from looking forward too.

If we were to judge solely from these texts and their references, we might conclude that neither author was aware of the other's existence, which would be untrue. It is harder to estimate how well each may be known in the other's country, outside archaeological circles. If these two books were massive technical monographs, they might well include discreet summaries in French and English and maybe other languages too. Perhaps in due course both will be translated; though to be sure, those who follow Professor Clark's arguments to their logical conclusion may well find themselves convinced that linguistic barriers should be carefully preserved. Meanwhile, the reviewer would risk a small bet that Leroi-Gourhan is almost entirely known in England (outside the trade) as the author of a large-format book on Palaeolithic Art, with stunningly beautiful photographs, of which the English version entitled *The Art of Prehistoric Man in Western Europe*, was published by Thames and Hudson in 1968. That work was far more than a finely illustrated corpus, because in it Leroi-Gourhan proposed a new, a quite new, theory of Palaeolithic cave art, based upon the selection and grouping of the animals and signs painted and engraved on the walls of the "sanctuaries" in certain caves, which he saw in terms of male and female symbolism. Articles concerning the development of this hypothesis will also be found in *Le Fil du temps*.

The research that led to *The Art of Prehistoric Man in Western Europe* occupied Leroi-Gourhan for rather more than ten years and the result was magnificent, but it represents only one of his achievements and one of his very many productive interests. For example, neither his excavations at Arcy-sur-Cure (Yonne), nor those at Pincevent (Seine-et-Marne) achieved archaeological status, but their archaeological importance is absolutely outstanding. At Arcy-sur-Cure a group of caves, brilliantly excavated, yielded by far the best available sequence covering the period some 50,000-20,000 years ago when Middle Palaeolithic man in France gave way to Upper Palaeolithic and archaetypes of hominid were replaced by the physically modern sub-species *Homo sapiens sapiens*, to which all living human beings belong. At Arcy, it was possible to show not merely the arid details of changing tool typology, but also dynamic changes in the whole human way of life and perception of the contemporary world. At Pincevent, meticulous excavation, which introduced new techniques and new standards for Palaeolithic archaeology, gradually revealed an

undisturbed Magdalenian camp-site, occupied by reindeer hunters of Late Glacial age, some 12,000 years ago. The site was preserved in such detail that it looked as if the occupants had only just left, with the ashes barely cold in the hearths. The collected papers in this volume have much to say about all these things and many others, notably Leroi-Gourhan's involvement with ethnology. One can read what was achieved, how the work was done, and what are Leroi-Gourhan's wider interpretations, following as one proceeds the connecting thread of his changing interests.

Grahame Clark's book is a very different affair but, as one would expect, it too reflects the broad outline of its author's career and developing interests. In his early days at Cambridge, Clark studied the Mesolithic archaeology of Britain and northern Europe, giving it the basic shape and much of the detail that continued to be taught for thirty or forty years. In the period just before the Second World War, and the ten years or so that followed it, the kinds of archaeology with which Clark was involved became, largely through his efforts, an integral part of Quaternary Research: the human occupation record was increasingly being seen in intimate relationship to its ecological setting as part of the single dynamic system which the natural world constituted. At least some of the ideas so noisily put forward in the new archaeology of the late 1960s and early 1970s had been explicitly set out by Clark long before, for example in his *Prehistoric Europe: the economic basis*, published by Methuen in 1952, and of one could accuse him of seeing archaeology in terms of culture-history alone.

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produced all that is best in the record of human art and artefacts, by virtue of their capacity at the top of the scale to merely to enable but ultimately to command artistic and technological achievement of almost any order. Thus the very inequality within such societies produced the dynamic forces that set man further apart from his own animal background and hence, gave him the qualities of his human identity. In the animal world, diversity is not cultural but merely biological in its origin, so that within any species the situation is essentially static. Man, on the other hand, generates culturally the very diversity that carries him forward.

So far so good, but that is not all. The book's last chapter is called "Homogenization and Dehumanization" and in it Clark argues that it is spallan systems which destroy all that is worthwhile in human achievement and therefore attack human nature itself. Almost as pernicious are the esse and speed of modern communication, whether of goods or ideas. It is not merely the stratification of society within individual nations that is being eroded away, but also the national characteristics which distinguish one country from another. Only at our grave peril do we remove class distinctions, distribute wealth equally, bring minority groups into the common fold and break down national barriers, for thus we undermine the foundations of human identity which it has taken two and a half million years to establish. This time Clark supports his contention by observing many depressing trends in our contemporary institutions, arts and artefacts, increasing as the "dynamic qualities of inequality" become less to us. The message looks clear: stop the rot, down with social equality, restore maximum privileges to the upper classes and don't have too much to do with all those foreigners. Quite a programme in an election year!

Grahame Clark's view of such processes gleefully at work in the past is highly convincing and plenty of his readers may feel a strong if guilty inclination to accept also his assessment of the present and its implications for the future. Though, if the kind of hierarchy is to return that got the pyramids built with such ruthless efficiency – and look how highly we regard the pyramids – then one might reserve the right to form one's views according to where one had to stand in the system oneself. There would doubtless be attractions at the top of the tree, where the fruit ripens, but one could envisage a certain element of resentment down at the grass-roots level, of which we hear so much these days. Those who use that tiresome cliché probably over reflect; that, to an archaeologist, the grass-roots occur right at the top of the sequence and anything worth bothering about comes much further down. And there lies the answer to the conundrum facing any reader who would like to feel with a clear conscience that Clark is right: he is writing as an archaeologist, and has even reminded us of this in the full title of the book. It is therefore completely appropriate that in considering the contemporary situation he should concentrate on our buildings, our art-styles and our durable material objects, deploring their lowered quality and deadly uniformity: they are what will survive to become the archaeological sites and finds of the future. It is also to be hoped that Leroi-Gourhan of the distant future will work with minute precision and eventually pass judgement on us accordingly. Yes, of course they will try to see into our minds, just as we try to perceive the thinking behind Palaeolithic art or Neolithic temples, but their actual primary evidence, like ours, will consist of such objects as have survived. Good luck to them, but they may indeed have a terrible time of it if we do not follow the path pointed out to us by Professor Clark. One's heart bleeds for the examiners of their students' doctoral theses, and bow will they write books as and when as these two? Meanwhile, if you want a down-to-earth view of the current human situation, always ask an archaeologist.

Neill of Summerhill

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The weaning of Winston

J. A. Turner

TED MORGAN

Churchill 1874-1915
571pp. Cape, £12.50.
0 224 02044 7

"By the nature of her duties, Mrs Everest developed a physical closeness to Winston that his mother did not have. She toilet-trained him, with the nanny's vested interest that the sooner she learned to use the potty the sooner she would not have to wash nappies. She held his penis while he urinated, and washed it for him afterwards." Well, it makes a change in a Churchill biography. Martin Gilbert, Henry Pelling, and even the disreputable Robert Rhodes James, have committed millions of words to print without a mention of the great man's privy member, let alone of his early hygiene. Lacking evidence on the point, they have preferred to leave it to the reader's imagination. Ted Morgan prefers to rely on his own imagination, whence the passage cited springs. The reader fears that there will be more sub-Freudian prurience to come, and he is right.

This is doubly disappointing because Mr Morgan has identified a major publishing opportunity. The official biography of Winston Churchill was undertaken by his son Randolph in 1960. As Roy Foster has shown (T.L.S. November 28, 1981), Churchill's are not to be relied on when writing about

their fathers. The first two volumes, written under Randolph's direction, were slabs of Victorian monumental masonry, propped up by documentary "Companion Volumes" prepared by a team of academics. It would be hard to write a less interesting account of Churchill's early career than Randolph produced, and the Companion Volumes give ready access to material which is otherwise barred to authors by the Chartwell Trustees. This vicarious research assistance is available for less than £150 in my good bookshop. Here, indeed, is a book waiting to be produced, meeting the demand for an accessible life of a great statesman, and needing little more than to be written down.

From this promising set of materials Morgan has manufactured a "written" biography, hardly the word — one of the least satisfactory political biographies to appear in recent years. His method, when he has anesthetized his imagination, is to arrange documents from the Companion Volumes, and occasionally from other sources, in chronological order. Sometimes they are rendered into indirect speech, often not; sometimes they are dignified with quotation marks, often not. It is unnerving to find "the dreary steeples of Fermanagh and Tyrone" — perhaps the most memorable put-down of Irish sectarian politics to be uttered this century — appearing as Morgan's own, along with a great many other direct borrowings from *My Early Life* and *The World Crisis*. In defence it can be said that Churchill's words are interesting in themselves, unlike the stenographic records of War Council

Meetings in 1914 and 1915, which Morgan also quotes at length.

There is nothing underhand about these borrowings: everything is acknowledged in cheerfully imprecise footnotes which merely confirm the narrowness of the author's research. A claim in the preface that the work is the result of "research in every available collection of papers that could throw light upon Churchill between his birth of 1915" need not be taken too seriously. Most of the references are to the Companion Volumes and to the official biography. Ninety or so other works are cited, only a few being of any importance. The unpublished material represents perhaps four weeks' efficient work in Oxford, Cambridge and London. No reference is made to specialist historical journals. Morgan is not trying to make professional history accessible to the general reader, but to popularize what is already popular; and thus his work must be assessed.

Even on those terms, this amalgam of Mary Renault and the *Annual Register* is an unlovely book. It condescends to its readers. Major political figures are introduced with mind-jarring thumbnail sketches — Lloyd George "the Welsh wizard, the son of a school master who died when David was an infant, so that he was brought up by the village cobbler" for one — while Ian Fleming, no doubt the writer of spy fiction, is left unexplained. Little is said about the historical and political background of Churchill's career, except what is available in the official biography. Morgan's style is hurried without being quick to make a point.

All this might be forgiven if Morgan had anything new to say about Churchill. But the only novelty is a retrospective psychoanalysis, of the Cocktail Party rather than the Freudian or any other school, of Churchill's relationship with his father, his self-esteem, and, inevitably, his sexuality. We already know a great deal about Churchill's attitude to his father, and the impact of that distant, erratic figure on the young Churchill's political and personal ambition. Morgan's depiction of Churchill's novel *Savonrola* as "a fantasy in which Winston worked out his Gerdipal problem" argues strongly for the virtue of keeping biography and literary criticism apart, but it does not help us understand what distinguished Churchill from other Oedipally troubled young men who did not go on to become first-rank statesmen. Other psychoanalytic insights do not offer much more. On the whole Churchill seems to have had rather little interest in sex; at any rate, there is no substantial evidence of any sort about his sexuality, or Morgan would surely have printed it instead of cloying us with a man with comparable political ambition and intelligence, had an enormous and well-documented sexual appetite. What then is the link between sexuality, personality, and political achievement?

Churchill as a mythical figure is once again near the centre of British politics. Morgan's book, by repeating faithfully what is already known about him,

reminds us of the qualities we seek in our leaders. Born to the purple, Winston had a miserable and unsatisfactory life at home and at Harrow. Prickly and snobbish at Sandhurst, he entered the cavalry, which gratified his taste for bloodshed, but not his political ambition. This he fulfilled by trading on his name, his gift for inventive journalism, and his mother's connections. Entering Parliament as a Conservative in 1900, on the strength of an ambiguous heroism as a prisoner of the Boer, he changed parties after three years and rose rapidly as a Liberal. He reached Cabinet rank at the age of thirty-four while his former Tory colleagues languished in Opposition. At the Board of Trade and the Home Office, he fought against the Naval Estimates, of the Admiralty he built ships in half-dozen. In every department he antagonized his subordinates by interlarding at random in business he only half understood. As First Lord in the first year of the Great War, he presided over a number of spectacular disasters, some, like Antwerp, of his own making. The fiasco of the Dardanelles finished him, but he only resigned when he was stripped of all influence in Cabinet. At forty years of age, as he went to the trenches ready to pay "the well-known forfeit", Churchill had no following and no reputation, except for erratic ambition. But he knew he was a genius, and he knew that he had a star. Arrogant, bloodthirsty, courageous, impatient of inconvenient fact, inconsistent, and convinced of his own rightness; here is the very model of a modern statesman.

1940 — without the shadow of a provocation — Norway and Denmark were attacked by Germany. His Danish brother, Christian X, stayed in Copenhagen to share his people's sufferings under occupation. King Haakon fought his way out from Oslo to the west coast, took ship to Tromsø in the far north, and fought on from there, his grown son beside him. When it was clear that there was no short-term hope of victory, he and his cabinet came out to London on a British cruiser. They never made an armistice, let alone a peace, with Nazi Germany; and four million tons of Norwegian shipping made them the wealthiest of the governments in exile.

The king now became the centre of hope to which Norwegians of every party or none could look for political and military salvation; except for a few who supported Quisling in an effort to welcome the Nazi regime, the handful of Geatago informers, the slightly larger handful of Norwegian

recruits to the Waffen-SS. The symbol "H" — often with the 7 written over the crossbar of the H — appeared all over Norway, on schools, on walls, on lonely trees, in mud, in snow. By frequent broadcasts, and still more frequent interviews with returned adventurers, Haakon kept in close touch with his people, and he and his son were given a rapturous welcome when they returned in June 1945. There was no more talk of a republic. He welcomed Norway's entry into Nato, and faded out quietly thereafter; he died in 1957.

Tim Orevst spent many years in the Norwegian foreign service and now edits an Oslo newspaper. He has made excellent use of the Norwegian, Danish and British royal archives and of other unpublished material; and has been splendidly translated by T. K. Derry, who has broadened the text and enriched it with details of Scandinavian history.

The book is as its title proclaims "a story half told". The writing is, at its best, nature — the beauty of the Lebanese spring, the glory of skiing in the mountains behind Beirut, or the silver birds' nests she saw in Germany; those resplendent German birds had interwoven anti-radar tinsel dropped by the Allied bombers into the moss and twigs.

What seems to have disturbed her almost as much as the horror and suffering is the evidence she saw of British official bungling. French Resistance workers told her that a pre-arranged coded signal from the BBC meant that Allied invasion was imminent; in response, they took action as agreed. But there was no invasion then, and the Resistance too often and positively. French prisoners in German hands told her that in response to a similar signal, they downed tools — and were sent to concentration camps — where a few survived. Mon in offices in London never saw the awful results of all but "mistakes". When the war was all over, her colleague Genevieve said: "over, her colleague Genevieve was able to wonder if ever again one people from those who are not so splendidly chic types will not stand out so clearly now." Anita Leslie was, is, a chic type.

The tone is unpoetic, and the explanation-marks are copious. It is as if Angela Brazil had collaborated with Noel Coward. Anita Leslie was a conspicuously brave and effective, yet she has the frivolity, and the style, to describe "her" war as "a glorious" The time life is not recorded in this

HENRY DE MONTHERLANT

Romans II
Edited by Michel Raimond
1984pp. Paris: Gallimard, 290fr.
2070110052

PIERRE SAPIOT

Montherlant sans masque: Tome 1.
L'Enfant prodige, 1895-1932
500pp. Paris: Laffont, 95fr.
2221010272

The first volume of Pierre Sapiot's two-volume biography *Montherlant sans masque*, which has caused much stir in France, covers the period up to 1932, when Montherlant completed *La Rose de sable*. Since Sapiot has enjoyed the co-operation of Montherlant's literary executor, Jean-Claude Barot, he has had access to the writer's letters and manuscripts, which enables him to reveal some secrets in a life that Montherlant himself sought both to conceal and to reshape.

Sapiot has discovered, for example, that Montherlant was born in 1895 and not in 1896 as stated in the biographical notes in the *Pléiade* edition of his *Œuvres*. In the new *Pléiade Romans II* Michel Raimond, who went through Montherlant's papers with Sapiot, has corrected such mistakes, but it is significant that the *Œuvres* volume was published in 1958, when Montherlant was alive to provide information. Why then should he change the date of his birth? The answer lies in his reputation as a warrior and as the writer who glorified France's sacrifice during the First World War. Born in 1896, Montherlant would not have been called up until 1916 and the *Œuvres* volume's notes duly state that he joined the army in that year. He was supposedly sent to the front the next year and remained there until he was wounded in 1918. In reality Montherlant was a sickly warrior who oscillated between a sensible desire to save his skin and a frantic passion for glory. Called up in 1914, he was rejected for medical reasons. He suffered from heart trouble and, although he could have joined the army as a volunteer, he preferred to wait. Called up again in 1917, he was accepted as an auxiliary and worked for a while as a farm-labourer. By the front was he eager to go to the front but the trouble was that, although an auxiliary could volunteer for combat, he then had to stay at the front. This made no appeal to Montherlant, whose view of the war is summed up by Sapiot: "a few weeks or a few days at the front, a little wound, enough to earn a decoration and then start writing again".

Fortunately, Montherlant's grandmother had relatives who were high-ranking army officers and could be persuaded to help, in the meantime Montherlant bought an elegant uniform and a dagger, told his friends not to expect him back and badgered his grandmother to make sure that his bravery did not go unnoticed in the Paris salons. "Pile it on when you talk to people," he writes, "tell them all about me". In May 1918, he set off for the front, albeit as a non-combatant. He had been there a month when the Germans shelled a tricolour exercise which was taking place a mile behind the French lines. Montherlant was struck by shrapnel and taken to hospital. He bore his painful wound with courage and after his recovery was sent as interpreter to an American regiment, where he listened to lectures on baseball and intrigued to be paid in dollars instead of francs. He had been sufficiently brave to write convincingly about heroism and seen too little of the war to grow disenchanted with it.

In reconstructing Montherlant's escapades, Sapiot relies heavily on the correspondence with his grandmother; but this has brought a legal clash between the biographer and the Gallimard publishing house. Gallimard has asked for Montherlant's *Œuvres* to be banned, citing a letter from Montherlant to his mother which asks that the name of his left unpublished work be deleted and that no letters should be published at all. To this Sapiot has

replied that Gallimard has itself reproduced in the *Romans II* first drafts and variants which Montherlant certainly did not intend to publish. Since Sapiot had Barot's authorization, the narrow legal question seems to be whether Montherlant's instructions to his publisher should take precedence over the decisions of his literary executor.

But this overlaps with the broader problem of whether Barot, Sapiot and Montherlant's other acquaintances should make known the full story of his life. Although this is an issue raised by almost every biography, it is particularly acute in Montherlant's case. He battled to impose an image of himself as the man who loved independence, honour and virility and to hide from the public anything that might be construed as a personal weakness. Some of his friends feel that his wishes should be respected and one of them, Philippe de Saint Robert, has written, recently in *Historie*, that "Montherlant would feel nothing but scorn and disgust for those who, knowing or guessing some of his most profound secrets, are now prepared to cast them before the public." This onslaught seems to be directed at Sapiot and Roger Peyrefitte, but Montherlant's attitude might have been more ambiguous. He did, after all, encourage Sapiot to become his biographer. Did he fail to realize that any conscientious biographer would check his author's birth-date and then wonder why it had been falsified? Did he imagine that the fact of his pederasty, which was by the end of his life no secret in the gossip literary world of Paris, could be suppressed?

For those of us who still believe that the story of a man's life can help us to understand his writing, the story that Sapiot tells is both more useful and more convincing than the story Montherlant himself tried to tell. Montherlant's mature novels are populated by characters whose inner lives are very different from their official beliefs. There is a colonial officer who loses his belief in colonialism and an artist who is uninterested in painting (*La Rose de sable*); there is a priest to whom God is an illusion (*Les Garçons*); and an anarchist who has never believed in anarchy (*Le Chaos et la nuit*). Montherlant's narrative technique consists of contrasting one character with another and each fleeing emotion with the next. The relentless depiction of such psychological disintegration is far easier to understand if it is the work of an author who carefully constructed his public image while knowing that his real life was more complex.

This does not mean that Montherlant's mask was false. He believed passionately in the values he advocated and he tried to live up to them by insisting on going to the front in 1918, by participating in bullfights and athletics and by repeatedly asserting his independence. So it is incumbent on the biographer to convey this mixture of strength and weakness. Roger Peyrefitte's portrait of Montherlant in *Propos secrets* (1977) is a cruel caricature because, even if the details of Montherlant's pederasty are correct, he was not merely a man who bungled around amusement-arades in order to pick up young boys. Sapiot's biography is balanced and he does not indulge in such denigration.

His night, however, have fleshed out his book with more facts and better analysis. Presumably enchanted with his documentation, he relies too heavily on it and, when there are gaps, he does not fill them. One would like to know more about Montherlant's family, his mother who detested him, his first love, his oriental affectation, and his grandmother who prayed for his soul during her pilgrimages to Lourdes but was not in the least shocked by his letters describing his pursuit of young boys. The family was eccentric, impecunious and aristocratic; its sympathies were Catholic and monarchist and it was unreconciled with the republic. Montherlant was proud of his descent and supplied his admirers with genealogical tables to prove that he was an authentic aristocrat. Unfortunately there is doubt about this, too, it appears that Montherlant's

The bard of heroism

Patrick McCarthy

family was at best very minor nobility. Sapiot might have made more effort to analyse this milieu because it is surely significant that Montherlant, whose work both exalts and subverts the values of the French right, came from the fringes of good society.

For the decisive event in Montherlant's life — an affair with another boy which resulted in his expulsion from the Catholic boarding-school of Sainte-Croix in 1912 — Sapiot relies on the fictional account which Montherlant gives in *Les Garçons*. It may be that there are no other sources, but a novel written and rewritten during most of Montherlant's life and not published in full until after his death is not a satisfactory document in a biography. Sapiot is also curiously uninterested in literary history and he has little to say about Montherlant's dealings with his schoolmate François Mauriac and with writers like Paul Morand and Drieu la Rochelle with whom he might be compared.

After he was demobilized Montherlant published his first books — the essays *La Révolte du marin* (1920) and the novel *Le Songe* (1922) — which established his reputation as the bard of heroism. In these books old women throw flowers at the men leaving for the front, chaplains speak of Jesus bringing the sword and not peace, and the soldiers are caught up in the exaltation of fraternity. Not that Montherlant omits the horror of war; rather he lyricizes it. Absent is any sense of the squalor and monotony of the trenches: the lice, the dirt and the banality of death. In *Le Songe* Montherlant depicts a hospital full of soldiers who are waiting to die; their gaping wounds are terrifying but terror becomes sublime as Montherlant writes of their infinite nobility and their half-released souls hovering over their bodies.

In 1924 Montherlant published the most curious of his early works, *Les Olympiques*. A book of sketches and poems about athletics, boxing and soccer, it expresses his belief that sport is a kind of war. Inevitably *Les Olympiques* contains purple passages, such as the depiction of a woman runner whose knee is grazed and whose blood mingles mystically with that shed at the Marmos. Far more intriguing is Montherlant's sense of the athlete's precision. Like the ballet-dancer, the soccer-player knows where and how to move, and without ever thinking, understands the totality of the game. This corporeal intelligence fascinates Montherlant, who spent long afternoons at the soccer stadiums in the Paris suburbs.

The next year he abandoned Paris and began to spend most of his time travelling. He gave up his family's house at Neuilly, took a flat on the rue de Bourgogne, which he overfurnished, and set off for Spain and North Africa. He wished to break — at least partially — with his success and his reputation as a right-wing writer. Repelling in the footsteps of Glide and the early Barrès, he was preserving his freedom and shunning dogmas in favour of "disponibilité". In 1928 he took a flat in Algiers, travelling often to Morocco and south into the desert. He was attracted by the Mediterranean, by Islam and by Arab boys. During this period his writing began to change: *La Rose de sable* is more ironic and less subjective than his earlier novels.

One reason why Montherlant turned his back on Paris in 1925 was the conflict between his homosexuality and his reputation. In North Africa opportunity was greater and police surveillance less strict. For Montherlant was determined both to live and to hide his pederasty. He avoided all forms of dress and behaviour that would hint at the truth and, when he accompanied Glide around Algiers, he was shocked that Glide did not show similar restraint (in practice he seems to have been a more active pederast than Glide). It is hard to avoid thinking that Glide's discretion was useful for him, homosexuality was more useful for him, and everything else than Montherlant's determination to conceal his. But Montherlant had no desire to be useful. Instead of writing a *Corydon* he hid his sexuality in his books and even

in *Les Garçons* explicitly sexual activity takes place only between adolescents. The relationship between the abbé de Pradta and the boys is platonic; the hero, Albion, turns to women when he loaves school and his friend Linsouy, who does not, is conveniently killed off in the trenches.

Once he settled in North Africa, Montherlant grew steadily more critical of French colonialism and this becomes one of the themes of *La Rose de sable*. But when he finished that novel and returned to Paris in 1932 he decided not to publish it — *La Rose* did not appear until 1967. This caused controversy because Montherlant was accused of shirking his duty as a writer by waiting until the colonial issue was safely resolved before publishing a book that would have opened the eyes of the public to the injustice of French rule. In reply Montherlant asserted that in 1932 he had returned to "find France weak and divided in the face of a fascist party and a Nazi party." When asked why he had not published *La Rose* during the Algerian war he answered that it was not needed, because "the French government had decided in 1955 to give up North Africa to the Moslems".

This second answer is silly because the decision to abandon Algeria was not taken until some time after Do Gaulle's return to power in 1958. The first answer is more convincing and Sapiot is probably too sceptical of it. It was, after all, in the elections of July 1932 that the Nazis became the largest party in the Reichstag. However, another reason for not publishing the novel was that it would have been a betrayal loss of France than of the French right and of the public Montherlant had won with *La Révolte*. It would have been an outright act of defiance by a writer who preferred to undermine from within. Meanwhile the decision not to publish was an act of aristocratic disdain towards his career and even towards his work — in *La Rose* Guiscart, the painter, deliberately mutilates one of his best paintings.

Sapiot's biography stops at this point but *La Rose de sable* is the first novel in *Romans II*, the others being *Les Garçons*, *Le Chaos et la nuit* and *Un Assassin est mon maître*. Although the political theme of *La Rose* seems less original to readers who have in the meantime read Albert Memmi, it remains both an excellent study of the colonialist mentality and a fine psychological novel. Auligny is a soldier who has never dreamed that "one can be an honest man without being a Catholic and a nationalist" and who considers the colonial officer as "a sort of savior". Then he has an affair with an Arab girl and begins to perceive colonialism differently. However, he is soon overwhelmed by contradictions which Montherlant paints with ironic glee. Auligny wants to believe in Arab pride but the Arabs in his oasis are obsequious and, when they do disobey him, he is shocked. He rebukes the French soldiers for treating the Arabs harshly but, when

he hears Arabs criticize them, rushes to their defence. Alienated from the colonizer he finds no solace among the colonized, and his Arab girlfriend treats him with maddening indifference. Auligny feigns illness to be sent home from a country he has come to hate but he is killed during an Arab riot in Fez, where, instead of fleeing like Guiscart, he makes a futile plea for fraternity.

Montherlant well understood what Memmi was to call the "impossibility" of colonialism. Yet he cannot envisage revolt or independence, which explains why Auligny's story is framed by the portrait of Guiscart, who now sympathizes with the Arabs and now sympathizes with the Arabs and now spurns them and is pleased rather than troubled by such contradictions.

Les Garçons is an unusual and important novel: important because it is the fictional version of the affair with "Serge" which shaped Montherlant's life and unusual because it is curiously serene rather than ironic and because it is so clearly the account of an obsession. For 400 pages Montherlant depicts almost nothing except the frenzied love-affairs among the adolescents of Sainte-Croix. The abundant detail reveals how often he must have relived these short months, he remembers Serge's sailor-suit, the liqueur they ate together, the way Serge's hair was cut, their kisses and knees and ankles of young boys been described with such amorous attention. The entire school throbs with desire as the pupils engage in intrigues and infidelities, while parents encourage, teachers connive and no precious time is wasted on study. Montherlant is certain that the reality of this desire will not disintegrate and indeed there are two extraordinary episodes where it is portrayed as giving meaning to life. The first is the Easter mass, which is a heady hush of incense, angelic twelve-year-old altar boys and sweating sixteen-year-olds who ope them up. It seems impossible to depict this without irony and yet Montherlant clearly wants us to believe that adolescent desire, and religious experience are fused. The second episode is the death of the abbé de Pradta, the priest who does not believe in God. In his last moments he is converted by the memory of all the boys he has loved and he dies calmly and happily.

Le Chaos et la nuit (1963) is more characteristic: the portrayal of a Spanish anarchist who lives by a code of honour and loyalty to the republic but whose Civil War heroism was chiefly a love of violence and whose loyalty has long since turned into sterility. Like the other novels in this volume it will surely last. During his old age Montherlant indulged in foolish lamentations about the decline of Europe and worried that after his death no one would read him. But Montherlant "the prophet of decadence" is just another mask; whereas a novel like *Les Garçons* has a very real fascination.

Elected to the throne

M. R. D. Foot

TIM GREVE

Hakon VII of Norway: Founder of a New Monarchy

Translated and edited by Thomas Kingston Derry
212pp. Hurst, £12.50.
0 905836 66 1

Norway secured a free constitution in 1814, but was subjected to an absentee monarch — the King of Sweden, who seemed to care little for the poorer of his two kingdoms. Oscar II, King from 1872, though crowned in Norway did not choose to revisit it; and realized that the Norwegians meant to break away. In 1905 they did so, after Swedish and Norwegian ministers in a classic secret confrontation at Karlstad — successful because secret — had spent three weeks in hammering out the terms. In a plebiscite, 368,211 Norwegians had just voted for ending the union, and only 184 for maintaining it. The Swedish royal family relinquished all claims to the crown of Norway; whereupon the Norwegian ministers, on their parliament's instructions, offered the crown to Carl, younger son of the crown prince of Denmark. He was a thirty-three-year-old captain in the Danish navy, married to his first cousin, Edward VI of England's daughter Maud.

Carl had had forewarning of the offer: indeed his father-in-law had recommended him to go to Norway at once, and present himself as candidate on the spot. Sensibly, the prince indicated that he would only accept if his too was chosen by plebiscite; as he was, on November 12-13, 1905, though by a less overwhelming majority: 259,563 for; 69,264 against. A vote of nearly three to one in his favour was enough, and he became King Haakon VII. He made sure that he always behaved with perfect propriety, within the bounds of the constitutional monarchy. Whenever men of republican leanings could be found prepared to compromise enough with their principles to take office under him, they uniformly found that he was fair and just.

Queen Maud already had a son when she came to the throne, and the boy gained much approval when he took the salute at a march-past at the age of three-and-a-half. The three of them

spoke English together, but the new king threw himself wholeheartedly into the business of becoming Norwegian. (Oddly enough, this admirable life of him does not discuss his feelings about Amundsen's successful dash to the South Pole in December 1911, a Norwegian triumph over the Royal Navy.) His wife never quite mastered the language; having been brought up at Victoria's knee, she found the informality of Norwegian manners surprising. She and her husband had the common sense not to try and retire within a more or less magical court circle. They lived simply — they had neither the money nor the desire to do otherwise. As they grew into their new roles the king, who had read Bagehot, found himself able to advise, to encourage, and to warn.

He welcomed votes for women — Norway was the first country to admit them at parliamentary elections (1907). He helped Norway to stay neutral during the Great War. Ha

With the chic types

Victoria Glendinning

ANITA LESLIE

A Story Half Told: A Wartime Autobiography
220pp. Hutchinson, 69.95.
0 09 15130 7

In this second volume of autobiography the young Anita Leslie goes to war as a driver, leaving the 1930s world of glitter, privilege and Anglo-Irish eccentricity described in *The Girl and the Gingerbread*. She was sent first to Kenya, then to Egypt, then to Beirut, where she found herself editing an English news-sheet for the troops. The Arab who took down Reuters's bulletins knew no English, nor did the boys who hand-set the copy; she herself drove all over war-torn Lebanon and Syria distributing the paper.

Then, joining the British Red Cross in an ambulance driver, she found herself billeted in the Palace of Caserta, built for the King of Naples, while nearby the battle of Cassino raged. Always wanting to be where the action was, she later got herself

transferred to the French army and was part of an all-gilt ambulance team attached to a tank division pushing up through France and across the Rhine in 1944. These were months of gruelling bloody work — a closed universe of graves, latrines, mud, mutilation and fear. Friends and colleagues were killed; sleep was snatched in the ambulances and perilsous forays to pick up the wounded. "This is the world in which I found myself — I who had once been an idle debutante."

The erstwhile debutante had friends in high places. General Alexander had been a neighbour in Ireland. Winston Churchill was her cousin. These connections made for strange contrasts. On leave to visit her mother, she visited Churchill at Chequers. "With children longing in his voice Winston asked when the French thought of him. 'They do like me! They are fond of me?' Yes they like me! could say that truthfully." Within a few hours she was back in Mühlenau, ready to accompany the tanks forward into Germany. She was regarded as formidable by her French fellow-ambulance drivers, capable of driving anything, so tended to get landed with the worst vehicles, which added to the nightmare. She was in Sigmaringen, across the Rhine, within two hours of the capitulation, staying in the

Hohenzollern castle whence Pétain and Laval had just fled. In Berlin, she arrested Hitler's Chancellor — and stole a piece of his headed notepaper to write to her father.

Even though her last job was particularly harrowing — the removal of surviving prisoners from the extermination camp at Nordhausen — and even though, the scenes she describes and the ordeals she survived are horrible in terms of human suffering, there is a great jauntness about this book. Her ambulance team was commanded by a baroness called Jeanne de l'Espée, who insisted that her girls, however grilly the circumstances, should be properly made-up. Maudie was enlisted with frequent applications of bright red lipstick. "and men did give a gasp of relief when they saw us." In 1983, this particular manifestation of the feminine essence seems funny; then, it seemed important and emblematic.

The tone is unpoetic, and the explanation-marks are copious. It is as if Angela Brazil had collaborated with Noel Coward. Anita Leslie was a conspicuously brave and effective, yet she has the frivolity, and the style, to describe "her" war as "a glorious" The time life is not recorded in this

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City-cent

Words by Craig Raine Music by Nigel Osborne

♩ = c. 108
1st Volta

voice
2nd Volta

guitar

On my desk, a set of la-bels,
In- stead of of- fice work,
or a syn- op- sis of lake, blanch- ed by the sun and trail- ing their
I fish for com- pte- ments and sport a pan- oil li-

poco più mosso

roofs like a wa- tering can. Be- yond and be- low, di- mi- nished by dis- tance,
- hind each car, a bit of a de- vil, or trap the la-

♩ = c. 108

be- xi set vers of the lights: a shin- ing mar- hen with an o- range no- die it
is phos- phor- es- cent by an- der my chin the Ri- chard Crook- back cry- ing, A horse! A horse! My

On my desk, a set of labels
or a synopsis of lake,
blanched by the sun
and trailing their robes

like a watering can,
Beyond and below,
diminished by distance,
a leaden versal of the lights

a shining moorhen
with an orange nodule
set over the beak,
taking a passenger

under its wing
I turn a way, composing
the cuckoo's lament
at bay in the corner

and eavesdrop (bless you!)
on the hay-fever of trucks.
My caren d'ache are sharp
as the tips of an iris

and the four-tier file
is spotted with rust:
a study of places
by a Japanese master

poco rall. a tempo!

o-ver the back, ta-king a pas- sen- ger un- der its wing. I turn a- way, con- front the
King- dom for a horse! but on- ly to my- self, to mi- rally the tube is se- mi-

poco rall. poco meno mosso

cuc- hold hat- stand at bay in the car- ner, and eaves- drop (bless you!) on the hay- fe- ver of trucks.
stiff with stat- ti- on wings, the Mar- ca- des has wind- screen tri- pers like a bird's beak- ten tongue,

♩ = c. 108

My ca- ren d'ache are sharp as the tips of an i- ris and the four- tier file is spot- ted with rust:
and I am per- fect- ly hap- py to see your head, quick round the door dry- ad, as I pre- tend to be O- vid in

♩ = c. 108

study of places by a Ja- pan- ese mas- ter, o- chur ex- qui- site- ly blad.
ex- ile, com- pas- sing Tri- sta and ad- for the shin- ing, the mis- sed, the mar- cu- lar beach.

and eavesdrop (bless you!)
on the hay-fever of trucks.
I fish for compliments
and sport a pan- oil

blended with our
a bit of a devil,
or trap the telephone
and eavesdrop under my chin

like Richard Crookback
crying, A horse! A horse!
My kingdom for a horse!
but only to myself.

Ironically, the tube
is semi-stiff with stallion wings,
the chairman's Mercedes
has windscreen wipers

like a bird's broken tongue,
and I am perfectly happy
to see your head, quick
round the door like a dried,

as I pretend to be Ovid
in exile, composing Thyllis
and sad for the shining,
the missed, the muscular beach.

Viewpoint: the recovery of Hebrew

Lewis Glinert

Recently I had the uncommon experience of arbitrating between a neighbourhood priest and a local radical Labour lady. The topic of their dispute was Hebrew: he argued that it was a deceased tongue, once intoned by the Sons of the Prophets and now preserved as a sort of Jewish Latin; she - having worked on a (suitably Titoist) kibbutz - that it has always been the language of Middle Eastern Jews ("you know, the ones that really belong there") and had presumably been heard in that part of the world since Amos first demonstrated against the landed Israelite elite.

The truth is that Hebrew is the only recorded case of a language being born again from the pages of books. This has happened within living memory, and can be explained only in terms of a most singular national will. One hundred years ago, no one spoke Hebrew. The vast majority of Jews did indeed speak a Jewish mother-tongue, but this was Yiddish (for most European Jews), Judeo-Spanish or various other "Judaized" languages. (By 1935 Yiddish numbered over ten million speakers, making it one of the leading "literate" languages of that time.) When a Jew wrote a letter or read a story, it was ordinarily in Yiddish - so too were the sermons he heard and even the religious schooling he received. Hebrew was for him (and for her - to the small extent that Jewish women were given academic instruction) the language of the "Sources": the Bible, prayers, codes of Jewish observance - and, for the erudite, philosophy, poetry and so on. As an observant Jew (and most were still observant), one worked so that one might study; and life was a translation: one studied and prayed in Hebrew, and had it all explained to one in Yiddish.

No one spoke Hebrew, yet educated Jews, of whom there were many, could speak it, and occasionally did: when a Yiddish-speaking Jew conversed with one who talked Judeo-Arabic, as happened daily in the Holy Land throughout the centuries, the two could easily get by. Hebrew had in fact been vital to the cultural, economic and intellectual ties between Islam and Christendom maintained by Jews throughout the medieval era of confrontation. And this was no biblical

or rhetorical Hebrew - while even the best student of theology cannot contrive to talk cooking or medicine or gardening with the Hebrew he himself has learned, many Jews were able to do just that. They knew the Hebrew of the Law Codes and the Commentaries, representing life in the raw in Galilee and Judea. It is not commonly appreciated how tightly Judaism knits into the fabric of everyday life; to call Hebrew a language of religion is to miss the point that the language, like the religion, has always concerned itself with how you work, how you sleep, how you heat fluids on the Sabbath, how King David heated fluids on the Sabbath and how gas/electricity/laser-beam users might heat fluids on the Sabbath.

Jews could speak it, then, but they did not. Why they did not (and had not since ceasing to be a majority in their land almost two millennia ago), we may never know. Yiddish they carried with them, in their centuries of wanderings through Eastern Europe, but not spoken Hebrew. A hundred years ago, indeed, a steady drift away from traditional Judaism - and the gathering momentum of the flight of three-and-a-half million Jews to Western Europe and across the Atlantic - boded ill even for the retention of Hebrew in prayers. Nowhere was the despair at this loss felt more keenly than among those Westernized intellectuals who, since the French Revolution, had fondly fancied that Hebrew could fit the role of a Jewish Latin; that a modernized Hebrew could promote the secular Jewish muse and mind. But where Jews ceased to speak and write in Yiddish, they preferred to switch to German or Russian, not to Hebrew - which appeared to be a lost cause.

Yet today more than 3 million Jews have Hebrew as their first language - in Israel. How did this recovery occur? How could a few hundred radical Zionists turn the tide - arriving from Eastern Europe to join the 25,000 Jews long established in the Holy Land, and suggesting to impoverished Jewish farmers in Galilee that they should (a) stop talking Judeo-Arabic or Yiddish, and (b) adopt a tongue that neither they nor anyone else actually spoke? The revival of a dead spoken language had never been heard of, let alone one silent for close on 1,700 years and

eroded of an entire colloquial layer. All the sociolinguistic evidence was against it. Irish, still widely spoken at the turn of the century and symbol of the Republican struggle, ultimately capitulated under the economic-cultural weight of English; Literary Arabic (in regular use as an inter-Arab lingua franca) has not, for all the official disapproval of the local Arab vernaculars, succeeded in establishing itself as a "first language". Add to this the strong French and German influences in Ottoman Palestine (Jewish schools and enterprises were largely French or German-owned), and the resistance to any change on the part of the traditionalist majority, and it seems impossible that Eliezer Perelman could have moved a whole generation to speak an unspoken language.

Perelman (better known by his Hebraized surname Ben Yehuda) recognized the importance of linguistic factors in the nationalist struggles across Europe. Convinced that a Jewish homeland could not be built on Yiddish - then generally considered an unsophisticated "jargon", as well as being just one Jewish language out of many - he made his young wife pledge to speak with him only in Hebrew (which was difficult, as all she knew was the tongue taught her on the boat from Europe). "He spoke with his wife in gestures and signs," writes Ben Yehuda's biographer, Jack Fellman. Their son, born in 1882, was to become the first Hebrew-speaking child. "When visitors came to see the baby, Ben Yehuda would make him go to sleep so that he would not hear their foreign languages . . . The Ben Yehuda home became an experimental word-factory and the two parents would search for and/or invent words in Hebrew for doll, cradle, blanket, towel . . . Many of the child's de novo creations too were excitedly seized upon and adopted, for example, his words for spinning-top and napkin."

Ben Yehuda's key move was to start teaching in Hebrew. The Zionist revolutionary teachers in their village schools and nurseries followed him, haltingly: authentic in Hebrew, geography in Hebrew, and so on. Within two years hundreds of children heard only Hebrew all day long, played their games in it and played with their brothers and sisters in it. The Israeli

scholar Bar-Adon has identified this interaction of "sibling generations" as the crux. Once internalized by children who had picked it up from other children, Hebrew was once more like any other language, with an internal logic all its own. Since when it has never ceased evolving.

However, the fiercest struggles were still to come: to convince that generation, now adolescent, that Hebrew had the same value as French or German for their livelihood; to talk parents into talking the language of their children; to encourage a non-revolutionary Jewish majority into joining them. From Zionists abroad they could squeeze no sympathy - to them, the whole idea of speaking Hebrew seemed even crazier than setting off to live in a sterile, marginal land.

In 1913, with the local Jewish population in Israel now numbering 80,000, the Hebrew movement gambled on its future. The first polytechnic in the Middle East was going up in Haifa, and its German sponsors took it for granted that teaching would be in German. Palestinian Jews vowed it would be in Hebrew, even if the lecturers had to stop and search for the word for "oxygen" or "ellipse". En masse they demonstrated, struck, and won.

The political watershed came in London in 1919, with the British government's decision that "English, Arabic and Hebrew are now recognized as the official languages in Palestine". The activists had done a good job. In Parliament, the Earl of Crawford, replying for Earl Curzon, stated, "I am advised that the Hebrew language recognized officially in classical Hebrew with such modifications as modern conditions require, and that the percentage of the Jewish population in Palestine speaking this particular style of Hebrew is probably between 60 and 70" - an inflated figure. *The Times* reported: "Lord Trevelyan said Yiddish, which was used by the Jews in Palestine, bore the same affinity to classical Hebrew that pidgin-English did to the English of Addison." In such ways is the fate of languages decided.

Few students of the Middle East have an appreciation of what the rebirth of Hebrew implies, in socio-

political terms, about the force of the Zionist revolution. Not the least consequence of the revival has been to bind into one nation the explosive mix of Sephardi and Ashkenazi, religious and secular, radical and bourgeois Israelis. (The Jewish penchant for dissent, together with the old tensions between Jews of different provinces, could well have engendered anarchy.) And remarkably, it is the guttural accent of the "have-nots", the Sephardim, that is deemed the pure

But the most far-reaching consequence for the wider world, arguably, has been the re-emergence of a Hebraic culture - and with it a distinctive Hebraic-Israeli mentality that few in the West have troubled to grasp. Israeli culture is generally assumed to be more or less Western European. But this is wrong. The foundations of Israeli education are Hebraic, grounded in the Hebrew Bible, which is learned not as myth but as a true record of the ancient Jewish presence and the fount of moral law. When right-wing extremists quote the Bible at correspondents, they are articulating a deep-seated Jewish consciousness that knows no purely political divide. The outsider can hardly know this; nor - unless he read English versions of Yiddish Amichai perhaps, or *The Penguin Book of Hebrew Verse* - can he suspect the depth of biblical imagery in Israeli poetry today. He may not know the "Judea" and "Samarita" terms regularly invoked in the West by extremist overtones (as against the puzzling coinage "West Bank"), but Israeli *yehuda* and *samaria* - work evoking the venerable leg of Ishmael and Samaria and the people for whose name *yehuda*, not to mention *israel*, was opposed to the amnesia of the Land of Israel Movement will not call the geographical area known to the West as Palestine anything but *Eretz Yisrael*, "the Land of Israel".

This Hebraic culture is now being further fortified. In the six years since the Left lost power, Israeli society has been massively redirected towards traditional Rabbinic Judaism and Jewish history - modes of thinking which the non-Hebraic has been access. The full effect of this on Israeli life and letters is still to be felt.

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TER C. VAN DEN TOORN
Music of Igor Stravinsky
Yale University Press. £25.
Pp. 208. ISBN 0 300 03955 5

RAUL DRUSKIN
Stravinsky: His life, works and times
Cambridge University Press.
Pp. 208. ISBN 0 521 24907 7

J. OJA (Editor)
Stravinsky in 'Modern Music' (1924-1939)
New York: Da Capo Press; London: Europa Ltd.
Pp. 208. ISBN 0 306 70608 4

KEELER and MILEIN
Stravinsky: Seen and Heard
Tocatta Press, 40 Floral
London WC2. Paperback
Pp. 208. ISBN 0 7090 0127 7

Outstanding composers of the half of the century, Schoenberg was subjected to the most technical analysis. His was a promising beginning; but came out in 1929 and really took off with the Piano Sonata and the Violin Concerto. Schoenberg's music of 1924-5 though it had a dissonant character, it was not as dissonant as the music of the late 1920s. The Stravinsky movement in general has tended to be of aesthetic criticism with little or no reference to the social and political context. Allen Forte's *Stravinsky's Music* (New York, 1974) is an exception. But Peter Van den Toorn has altered all that -

Stravinsky he has adopted or adapted a number of unusual technical terms - such as "octatonic" for Koroskov's scale of alternate notes and whole tones - that are down to the confusion of the "octatonic" for the diatonic scale in any key, though his explanation for all chords, clumsy as it is, is the problem of describing Stravinsky's harmony in conventional terms. In his writing, on the whole, is particularly clear; interlarded with familiar technical expressions, the prose becomes almost lyrical. Yet he makes many observations; for instance that the constant doubling of legato lines was a persistent feature of Stravinsky's scoring.

Van den Toorn gives extremely detailed analyses of twenty of Stravinsky's works: from *The Firebird* and *Les Noces*, but the most interesting of the book for the reader are the copious musical examples and the accounts of the composition of each work prefaced by analysis. Incidentally there are some odd remarks and odd mistakes: Stravinsky and Cui are hardly interchangeable for "coloristic virtuosity"; the Russian of Rimsky-Korsakov's *Capriccio* is not *Sadko* that Stravinsky conducted in New York in 1935 but in 1892, not 1867.

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Images of motoric energy

Gerald Abraham

simultaneity, which is sustained "above" rather than "below" (C E G) and (A C sharp E) triads in the chorus, all accountable to Collection III . . .

Whereas Stravinsky's music is for Van den Toorn essentially the product of compositional techniques, for Druskin it is the most important factor in a wider concept of art. Benois has told in his *Reminiscences of the Russian Ballet* how "one of the binding links between us, besides music, was Stravinsky's cult of the theatre and his interest in the plastic arts. Unlike most musicians . . . Stravinsky was deeply interested in painting, architecture and sculpture". And visual impression and imagination were always, if only intermittently, rich sources of musical inspiration. Stravinsky describes in his *Chroniques de ma vie* how

en finissant à Saint-Petersbourg les dernières pages de *L'Oiseau de Feu*, j'entrevis un jour, de façon absolument inattendue car mon esprit était alors occupé par des choses tout à fait différentes, j'entrevis dans mon imagination le spectacle d'un grand rituel sacré palestinien: les vieux sages, assis en cercle et observant la danse à la mort d'une jeune fille, qu'ils sacrifiaient pour leur religion; et devant eux, sur un socle, se tenait le thème du *Sacré du Printemps*. Je dois dire que cette vision m'avait fortement impressionné . . . Avant d'aborder le *Sacré du Printemps* . . . Je voulais me divertir à une oeuvre orchestrale où le piano jouait un rôle prépondérant, une sorte de Kon-zertstück. En composant cette musique, j'avais nettement la vision d'un pantin subitement déchaîné qui, par ses cascades d'oranges diaboliques, exaspère la patience de l'orchestre, lequel, à son tour, lui réplique par des fanfares menaçantes.

The puppet was of course Petruska. These, as Druskin says, are incontrovertible evidence of the primacy of his visual imagination, whereas he never on any occasion speaks of literary images playing any part in his ideas or in the actual process of composition. He was in fact a declared enemy of all literary influence in music. In *Memories and Comments* he told Robert Craft how the sight of Hogarth's *Roke's Progress* pictures "immediately suggested a series of operatic scenes to me". And the visual element was also important in listening to music. To quote the *Chroniques* again:

J'ai toujours eu en horreur d'écouter la musique les yeux fermés, sans une part active de l'oeil. La vue du geste et du mouvement des différentes parties du corps qui se produisent est une nécessité essentielle pour la saisir dans toute son ampleur. C'est que toute musique créée ou composée exige encore un moyen d'extériorisation pour être perçue par l'auditeur. Autrement dit, elle a besoin d'un intermédiaire, d'un exécutant. Si c'est là une condition inévitable, sans laquelle la musique ne peut arriver jusqu'à nous, pourquoi vouloir l'ignorer ou la fuir? Je n'ignore, pour moi, que la musique sur ce fait qui est dans la nature même de l'art musical . . . Ceux qui prétendent ou croient que la musique que les yeux fermés ne s'entend pas mieux qu'en ayant les yeux ouverts, mais l'absence de distractions visuelles leur donne la possibilité de s'adonner à des révérences ou au bercement des sons et c'est là ce qu'ils aiment bien mieux que la musique elle-même.

Since for Stravinsky music arises from bodily movement, Druskin points out, "these major sensations were an important creative stimulus in his case and this was a reason for his liking to compose at the piano". Fingers were "not to be despised", he said. "They are great inspirers and, in contact with a musical instrument, often give birth to subconscious ideas which might otherwise never come to life." "Thus", comments Druskin, "in Stravinsky's music the visual element and the play element form an indivisible unity."

But the visual object must not be static, a subject for tone-painting. A static object cannot be described

or painted in sounds but when that object is set in motion, music can by analogy reproduce the character of that movement - its tempo (a measure of periodicity), its amplitude (a degree of intensity) and so forth. In this way a visual is transformed into a musical image. Hence it is not with the illustration of an object as such that Stravinsky is concerned in his music but with the nature (tempo, rhythm, dynamic amplitude) of that object's movement. It is therefore easy to understand why different forms of motoric energy - and particularly the clearest manifestations of these, namely the dance - occupy such a significant place in determining Stravinsky's musical forms.

The crux of any study of Stravinsky's music is of course his drastic changes of style. They are abnormal in that they are not the consequences of gradually increasing creative maturity and technical mastery as with Beethoven or indeed most composers; Schoenberg's transition from an over-ripe romantic idiom to dodecaphonic serialism was not made at a stroke. Stravinsky's sudden turn from the sumptuous scores of *The Firebird*, *Petrushka*, *The Rite of Spring* and *The Nightingale* to the minuscule resources of *L'Histoire du soldat* is not to be explained simply by the circumstance that he and C. F. Ramuz had "l'idée de créer avec le moins de frais possible un spectacle de petit théâtre ambulante qu'on pourrait facilement transporter d'un endroit à un autre et présenter même dans toutes petites localités" for the musical realization of which "il serait obligé de me contenter d'un nombre très réduit de musiciens". He had already composed the *Petrushka* for voice, four woodwind and four strings, and the three short pieces for string quartet. This turn from lavish to austere resources was characteristic of the passion for sudden change, for startling novelty of every kind, among the Russian intelligentsia during the two decades before the Revolution. In his foreword to *Stravinsky in 'Modern Music'* (1924-1946) Aaron Copland writes that

today, in the 80s, Stravinsky's unpredictability is no longer a puzzle, much less a shock. The abrupt changes, including the edification of serialism in the last third of his life, can be viewed as a symptom of his special creative process. Never content to mine the field of past success, he was impelled to reach out for the new, the untrodden. In so doing, he fulfilled the exacting demands of his own nature.

This volume - containing the major articles contributed to the American periodical *Modern Music*, organ of the League of Composers, during the twenty-three years of its regrettably truncated life - turns again and again in this question of Stravinsky's "unpredictability". As Copland says, "An astonishing variety of critical attitudes is revealed. Yet within that range one theme persists: the repeated surprise, unexpected turns in Stravinsky's musical style which continually baffled composers, critics, and listeners." Some of the judgments resuscitated here seem decidedly odd today: for instance Roger Sessions, writing on *Oedipus Rex* in 1928, says it is "said to exemplify a 'Return to Handel'".

Oedipus preserves in a general way the formal lines of the oratorio, of which it also resembles some of the solemnity and stolidity of spirit. But it is the oratorio of Handel. Impersonal and almost ritualistic in character, rather than the more dramatic Passim music of Bach, that has served as a general model for Stravinsky - a model to be studied and understood, but to be readapted rather than imitated in any but the broadest fashion.

Copland was on safer ground when *The Fairy's Kiss* where inspiration "par la Muse de Tchaikovsky" is acknowledged on the title-page, and anyone familiar with Tchaikovsky's

"favourite" among my purely instrumental pieces", gets only three casual mentions in Toorn, whereas Druskin, while finding it one of Stravinsky's "strangest and most enigmatic works, restless and disturbed in character, over-saturated with chromaticisms . . . and extremely complex polyphonically", devotes more than a page to it, and the American pianist Robert Tangeman, an exponent of Stravinsky's two-piano works, writes in the volume *Stravinsky in 'Modern Music'* of its "brilliance, complexity, breadth of formal design, and highly contrasted sonorities . . . harsh, biting, astinging sonorities dominate".

It was presumably the *liveliness* of Hogarth's *Roke's Progress* prints that "immediately suggested a series of operatic scenes". The element of "theatre" is considered only incidentally in Van den Toorn. There are no entries for Meyerhold, Tairov, *Mir Iskustven*, in his index: *Le Rossignol* is practically ignored. *The Roke's Progress* gets a mere page, merely a mediocre harmonic analysis, with a half-page quotation of Stravinsky's own remarks to Craft in *Themes and Epilogues*. This cursory treatment of *The Roke* is typical of Van den Toorn's blinkered approach to nearly all Stravinsky's theatrical works other than those of the "pure" ballets. The only ones he treats at any length are *Les Noces*, the *Histoire du soldat*, and *Oedipus Rex*. On the *Histoire* he does indeed expand non-technically and very intelligently; from the clichés "of widely divergent types of music", "a unity is forged":

From this "raw material" a new reality emerges, something, again, peculiarly Stravinsky's own. But we are at the same time not unimpressed of how strange this "unity" must have seemed to 1918; indeed in the wake of the post-Romantic era, how outlandish a conception - to all "serious" musicians and audiences. How was one to react to this music? Was it to be taken seriously? Was Stravinsky serious?

It was, in fact, a cool, crisp, brittle mechanization of the musical mannerisms or conventions - and hence, presumably, of the underlying beliefs, sanctities, and spiritualities of hygiene or nearly hygienic seriousness, cool, crisp, and brittle "cold" and "heartless", without sentiment, evidently as if to accentuate the circumstances of its removal; the fact that we the listeners - enlightened, self-conscious Modern Man - are painfully cut off, unable to participate as true believers. It is this felt removal from true participation . . . that somehow accounts for Stravinsky's pertinence, his contemporary guise.

At which point Van den Toorn diffidently admits that "philosophical conjecture of this sort remains quite peripheral to our discussion". One wishes he had allowed himself more "peripheral" discussion of Stravinsky's other works.

Druskin makes no philosophical conjectures and intrudes little in the way of peripheral discussion but, within the far more limited space at his disposal, throws out suggestive remarks on the differences in style and treatment of the grotesque comedies *Agony* and *The Rake's Progress*, with the lyrical passages and hinted tragedy in the Hogarth-inspired work. Of the latter he suggests that "there is something of a compromise, something even contradictory in the combination of the conventional and the naturalistic, the grotesque and the emotionally genuine". In a later chapter he enlarges on this duality: "There is a two-fold alienation-effect: the farcical moments destroy the dynamic situations, while the experiences of the characters are given a grotesque flavour by the musical-parodic though even so a natural, unforced manner prevails."

Even in the strictly musical field Druskin can be more expansive than Van den Toorn. For instance, the Concerto for Two Pianos which the composer told Craft was "perhaps my

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The freedom of the franchise

William J. Fishman

GEOFFREY ALDERMAN

The Jewish Community in British Politics
218pp. Oxford University Press.
£17.50.
0 19 827436 X

The Jewish community has never overtly regarded itself as an unitary body acting together out of political self-interest. Any minority ethnic group would be sensitive to allegations that it had. Yet as Geoffrey Alderman contends throughout this book, certain attitudes have developed in the past in which communal concern led British Jews to respond to political issues "in a uniform way or distinct bloc". This would suggest that, from the struggle for Jewish emancipation onwards, and especially in the demand for the franchise, a Jewish "vote" was consciously evoked.

The earlier campaigns were led by a small coterie of wealthy Establishment Jews who individually "could possibly have afforded a career in public life at municipal or parliamentary level". It was their determination to break into the upper strata of government, and thereby be accepted as equals in the contest of power, which directed them towards the Whig, and later the Liberal, camps. For it was Radical imperatives and evangelical principles that brought such staunch defenders as Charles Grant and Zachary Macaulay into the fight for emancipation, against Conservative hostility led by the Tory-dominated House of Lords. Yet such

alignments were not as clear-cut as might appear. Popular anti-Semitism could not be ignored by either party. Chartists attacked the persecution of Jews but expressed little sympathy for Jews as a people. (They were defined, en masse as predators and conceived of, along with "jobbers, oppressors and murderers", as enemies of the working class. *Northern Star*, November 13, 1847) While the future Liberal leader, Gladstone, opposed Jewish emancipation for nearly twenty years in the Commons and in print, and even on his "conversion" never lost his dislike of Jews, among the Tories a clutch of consistent supporters included the peers Lords Bexley and George Bentinck and the future Prime Minister, Benjamin Disraeli. It was in effect a Conservative measure in 1858 concerning the amended Oaths Bill, that made the entry of Jews into Parliament legally possible. The fact that they owed little to the Liberals, and the realization that acceptance meant security and integration, soon attracted the Jewish elite towards the Conservative interest.

After 1881, immigrants from Eastern Europe provided ready-made fodder for new political forces to challenge the old. Following the political and economic oppression they had suffered in Russia and Poland, the newcomers faced the realities of social discrimination in Britain, reflected in the virulent xenophobic postures of their hosts, from slum level to that of government spokesmen. Amongst the voices raised to restrict the entry of aliens, the Russo-Polish Jews were those of Jewish Conservative MPs. In 1895 Harry Samuel, Tory candidate in Lambeth, although a Jew himself,

played on local prejudice by openly declaring that he supported "the absolute prevention of Alien Pauper Immigration". In 1900 Lord Rothschild gave his written approval to Major Evans-Gordon, Unionist candidate at Stepney, the leading campaigner for restriction, and in that same year founding father of the first quasi-Fascist organization, the British Brothers League.

Hence the appeal, at least to a politically conscious minority of immigrants - the majority were naturally more concerned with the everyday need to find work, feed their families and keep out of trouble - of the new socialist and anarchist ideologies. Alderman is perceptive in emphasizing the violent, the German, the anarchistic Rudolf Rocker as the guru of anarchism, who "captured the imagination of a large body of Jewish immigrants by his advocacy of Yiddish (he, a non-Jew, mastered the language and became editor of the Yiddish radical weekly, *Arbeiter Frantz*), his forceful polemics against the Aliens Act of 1905 and his dynamic leadership during the Tailor and Garment Workers' Strikes of 1906 and 1912. Rocker's small band of acolytes were formally anti-Parliament but they had political consciousness to the many workers who, after receiving their "bribe", education in the Anarchist Club, and engaging in the industrial action, eventually moved on to the more realistic alternatives proffered by the Labour Party or Socialist Zionism.

By 1918 Jewish radicalism in one form or another, was eclipsed by the impact of two events: the Balfour Declaration and the Bolshevik Revolu-

tion, which opened up to labouring Jews the possibility, on two fronts, of the Messianic realization of a Promised Land. Thus, by the 1920s, with the immigrants and their families now constituting the majority of their community, there was a dramatic decline in the numbers of Jews supporting the old parties. As Alderman rightly suggests, the Inter-war years saw a Jewish "love affair with the Left". Large numbers in the city settlements were attracted to either the Labour or Communist party, who provided the vanguard for defensive action against Mosleyite Fascism, or offered panaceas for unemployment and social ostracism.

The Nazi Holocaust and the post-war crumbling of old ghetto walls, hastened by freer socialist mobility, both upwards and outwards, joined these set political allegiances. An additional factor, perhaps more potent, was the establishment of the state of Israel, which was supported by the majority across the whole political spectrum. This has since become a sensitive issue, affecting voting patterns in those areas where Anglo-Jewry is concentrated.

Even Mrs Thatcher has not been immune from such electoral pressure. During the 1974 election her own, largely Jewish, constituency of Finchley registered a swing of 3 per cent against her - she had supported the Government's October 1973 arms embargo against Israel - as compared with a swing of only 1.2 per cent in the case of John Gorn, the North London Tory MP, who had opposed it, thereby maintaining his own Jewish support.

The anti-Israeli postures of the hard Left and a rapid embourgeoisement of Anglo-Jewry have, according to

Alderman, ended the long flirtation with the Left and returned to community to the Right. But his conclusion must be treated with caution. To generalize from one or two simple statistics of recent years voting patterns from Labour to Conservative heavily concentrated in Jewish affluent areas such as North London, Harlow North, could be misleading. Harold Pollins has suggested that there is still a large distribution of working class Jews, by no means confined to the declining districts as Tower Hamlets and Hackney, with a strong craftsman-artisan background. Redbridge and many more, pointing from the post-war exodus from London, dispersed among the new housing, in suburbs and beyond, may be that in the current incidence of unemployment and business bankruptcies, old Jewish loyalties could be sustained or revived. Only an exercise in demagoguery studies encompassing Jewish voting patterns throughout the whole of Britain could possibly present a reliable record.

Nevertheless, Geoffrey Alderman has, on the whole, made his case. Jewish voters have always been capable of independent political behaviour, and at times, irrespective of the interests of the community as a whole, of using their votes as a political weapon. He concludes rightly: "Nor should those who see only the politics be surprised at the discovery of such a phenomenon of being a community of independent voters, who, in the current political atmosphere, would vote as a community. The political vote is a natural corollary."

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ssion music for piano would recognize
a number of bumble characters
elevated to a more distinguished
station. The eminent French critic
Henry Prunières was outraged: "We
seem to be hearing Tchaikovsky played
on a mechanical piano, without
nuances of expression", and he
confesses that he doesn't "get the
point".

That a creator of genius should
masquerade in the garments of
another musician in order to write
a work which is, moreover, in-
significant, is too fantastic to be
understood. Can we believe that the
composer, in a hurry for the money
to be paid for the piece ordered,
preferred writing an imitation like
this to the effort of creating an
entirely original opus?

Another French critic, André Schaeff-
ner, writing on "Stravinsky's latest
composition, *Perséphone*", in 1934,
remarks that

the common reproach has been that
it represents a certain hoarding of
his resources in invention and
exploitation of affects. But was this
any different in *Le Chant du Rossignol*
(the orchestral piece that Stravinsky
arranged from the opera)? The two
works, apart from the difference in
their styles, resemble each other
strikingly. After twenty years most
we accept one and reject the other?

He goes on to compare them:

The Fisherman's song, the
Nightingale's air, the Chinese
marches, through their sparse
development, create a certain
impression of immobility, even of
barronness, which is without doubt
integral to the conception of the
work. It is present to the same
degree in *Perséphone*, where a lavish
though transparent choral material
seems to relieve the aridity, or rather
the habitual severity of the music.

Those excerpts are typical of the
book. Too many contributions are no
more than extended concert or ballet
notices and, in the nature of such
notices, often throw more light on the
writers — and they are not all as
distinguished as Sessions, Copland,
Prunières and Schaeffner — than
on the subject. There is, however,
an interesting essay on "The Neo-
Baroque" by Manfred Bukofzer, who
in 1945 had not yet published his classic
study of *Music in the Baroque Era*. Ho

observes that the baroque revival "has
already done much to stabilize the
often erratic course of contemporary
music, less by direct influence than by
setting up, as it were, remote
controls". But he has surprisingly little
to say about Stravinsky whose "lovely
Sonata for Piano (1924) is patterned in
all three movements after the baroque
sonata form, and in the first and last,
movements even the style can be
traced to Scarlatti, in the slow
movement to Bach". And he suggests
that "the pre-eminence of the
instrumental idiom in the solo arias of
Bach and Handel finds its direct
counterpart in the arias of *Oedipus Rex*
and *Hindemith's Cardillac*". When
Modern Music ceased publication
Stravinsky's latest work was the so-
called "Basilic" Concerto for strings,
which is not mentioned.

Drukkin suggests "it is possible to
speak of 1945 as marking the beginning
of a new upward movement in
Stravinsky's development. Right into
the fifties, however, this was a
splintered development. *Orpheus* and
The Rake "showed a renewal of
interest in neo-classical theatre", while
the Mass had its roots in the baroque
and even earlier periods. There was no
sign yet of serialism; that was to come
tentatively in 1952 in the second
recercar of the *Cantata* on old English
texts, written not long after Stravinsky
had heard Webern's String Quartet,
Op. 22, which had made a great
impression on him. Then came the
Septet for strings, wind and piano (or
harpichord) later in the same year,
entirely based on one germ, and the
more severely constructed *In Memoriam*
Dylan Thomas ("Do not go
gentle into that good night").

The adoption of serialism was of
course the last of these "sharp,
unexpected turns in Stravinsky's
musical style which continually baffled
composers, critics, and listeners". To
view of Van den Toorn's passion for
the closest possible technical analysis
his treatment of the Septet is
inexplicable; it gets only three passing
mentions although he examines with
characteristic exhaustiveness the
successive stages in the development of
serial technique in the *Cantata Sacra*
ad honorem Sancti Morci nonilis of
1955 — advancing from the five-note
germ of the Dylan Thomas piece to a
full twelve-note series in the "Surge,
aquilo" movement — and thence to the
totally dodecaphonic *Threni* of 1958.

Writing it down

Iain Fenlon

RICHARD RASTALL

The Notation of Western Music:
An Introduction
306pp. Dent, £16.50.
0 460 04205 X

Like so much that is now central to the
way that musicology is taught in North
American and British universities, the
systematic study of notational systems
was first pursued by German scholars
at the end of the nineteenth century.
Guido Adler recognized the
importance of the subject, and placed
it at the head of the historical
categories in his famous *Meinode der
Musikgeschichte*, but it was not until
the appearance of Johannes Wolf's
Geschichte der Mensuralnotation
(1904) and *Handbuch der
Notationskunde* (1913) that the
development of mensural notation and
the workings of tablatures were
properly expounded. Without Wolf,
the extraordinary growth in the study
of medieval and Renaissance music
that has taken place over the last half-
century would hardly have been
possible, but it still comes as something
of a shock to realize how recently such
work of fundamental
importance has been done. Yet while
part of the impetus was provided by the
institutional framework and intellec-
tual climate of the German university
system, and although both Adler and
Wolf approached the problems of
music history with the benefits of
rigorous training in other disciplines
(law and philology respectively), the
elucidation of earlier notations was for
them primarily a practical business.

In a sense it had always been so.
Girolamo Mei's attempt to about 1564
to transcribe Greek hymns from a
manuscript discovered in the library of

Ranuccio Farnese, though obviously
conditioned by general humanistic
concerns, was nevertheless prompted
by a practical aim — the recovery of
the sound of ancient classical music known
to the Renaissance only through
descriptions of its miraculous affects.
In general, earlier music remained
buried in obscurity for so long because
there was little interest in performing it
rather than because of the difficulties
of transcription.

Richard Rastall's *The Notation of
Western Music* covers notations as
early as the neumes of the St Gall
manuscripts and as late as the analogue
score of Henri Pousseur's electronic
ballet *Electre*. It provides a decent
coverage of the Western notational
systems that lie in between, though it is
not intended to be a comprehensive
survey. Rather it is designed to explore
the use of similar notational systems in
methods of writing music that may lie
far apart in date and may not be
causally connected. This concern is
reflected in the organization of the
book, which is partly chronological and
partly thematic, an approach which has
both advantages and disadvantages.
On the one hand, a certain amount of
historical perspective is sacrificed,
since a corpus of music disseminated in
different types of notation is referred
to in a number of different places in the
book in greater or lesser detail
according to its notational idiom.
Sixteenth-century keyboard
sources, for example, are mostly
treated in the discussion of tablatures,
while scores and partitures, an equally
common method of transcription
during the period, are discussed
elsewhere in the book, and then only
briefly. On the other hand, the wide
chronological scope of Rastall's book
allows him to stress the continuity of
the tablature principle beyond the
sixteenth and early seventeenth
centuries. In fact, rather more music
discussed in this book than is usually

With "Surge, squilo" ho is in his
element, giving it a five-page analysis,
while he has little to say of *Threni*.
Drukkin treats the whole area much
more clearly.

From the end of the fifties
Stravinsky was stricter in his
observance of serial rules; and the
question naturally arises whether he
was not at first simply a clumsy pupil
who could not immediately master
the new technique. Even if one can
use such an expression of a great
master, we must still formulate the
question differently; he was not so
much a clumsy as a refractory pupil
... he was and always remained a
tonal composer, adopting serialism not
at the same time quarrelling with it,
using some of its methods while
rejecting its total essence. The
technique occupied by his music is
chromatic dodecaphony based on
tonal foundations.

While accepting the laws of serial
composition, Stravinsky worked out
his own technique, using two levels
or planes of composition, one
controlled by diatonic principles and
the other by serial counterpoint....
The prime consideration in every
case is melodic, intervallic con-
struction of the original idea, the
point of departure. In this he was
nearer to Webern than to Schoen-
berg, whose series are thematic,
though in another way Stravinsky
was diametrically opposed to
Webern, who was even more
attached to total chromaticism than
Schoenberg.

Many readers may be surprised to
find how sympathetically not only
"formalistic" music but religious works
are treated in a book originally
published by Gosizdat in 1979.

Dealing with "the implication that
what is felt to be evil is amalgamated
with the nameless in Stravinsky's
music", Hars Keller in *Stravinsky:
Seen and Heard* cites "not only the
Symphony of Psalms but also, well
above all, his sovereign *Mass* — to
which instructively enough, many a
musical believer in the mass as such
passionately objects", feeling that
"what he rightly expects from music is
being suppressed in the most religious
of religious compositions, of all
works". But Keller is not particularly
interested in the religious element in
Stravinsky's music; he is much more
concerned with its relationship to
Webern's on the one hand and

Schoenberg's on the other. "Strav-
sky's absorption of Schoenberg's
technique was arguably the history
of music." Yet whereas, especially
in their early stages, Stravinsky's
ventures were stressedly Schone-
bergian in technical approach, his
utterances almost throughout the
implication being that he was
"had it" from Webern, the real future
this future — a status still accorded
the great minor master by a section
of *avant-garde* opinion.

This is an interesting point, but it
was personal as well as artistic. We-
bern for Stravinsky's apparent pro-
fessor. He never forgot to
forgive Schoenberg's bit on the
"kleine Modersky" in the second
Drei Saiten and Drukkin reminds
that they did not meet even
thirty miles away from each other.
Thomas Mann and Franz Werfel, we-
are aware that one composer's name
was not mentioned in the other's
presence. "On the other hand, we-
bern was dead when Stravinsky really
knew his music, which (as Drukkin
it) "seemed to him a kind of Pre-
lude to the Messiah", though "after the first
of enthusiasm his language was re-
served". Nevertheless Keller
certainly right in emphasizing that
Stravinsky's serialism is essentially
Schoenbergian. In 1953 he wrote an
article to *Tempo* entitled "The
Memorial Dylan Thomas: Strav-
sky's Schoenbergian Technique", and
a complete analysis of "Do not go
gentle" together with his score. It
reprinted here in full. "Explicitly
implicitly", he claims, "I showed the
too strictly serial piece, though based
on a five-note row, which Schoen-
berg's own serial concept was
consciously." The then editor of
Tempo sent a proof of the article
to the composer before it was
published. It came back with
appreciative, wholly confirmatory
marginal comments, and without
word of criticism. At the same time,
more public occasions, Stravinsky
made his indebtedness to Webern
clearer — and his ambivalence
towards Schoenberg too.

Keller's stimulating little book
enlivened by Milen Cosman's
rehearsals during 1958-61.

when triple mensuration and other
features could still prove bewildering
for singers of limited experience.
Some sources transcribe what is
already known from notational
manuscripts, but others
present independent works com-
posed in a reasonably plain style. Many of
the surviving examples are of English
provenance, though a number
from France and some from Italy.
These fragments are crucial to
understanding of where and how
polyphony was composed and per-
formed in fifteenth-century Europe,
and to our notions of musical theory
by providing evidence of the nature
of individuals and institutions.
Names do not appear in the
textbooks. For the social history of
the subject they are as important as
major manuscripts.

It is a pity that for the
material, "transliteration" into
original notation is not
graphical representations but
consistently preferred to
photographs of the sources
themselves. After all, the student
of this book will be reading it
out, for the most part, from
himself. Certainly it is a little con-
fusing to have the student
only illustrations from sources
the closing chapters, and that
Feldman's *De Konink* and
eck's *Threnody* to the
of *Hiroshima*, nothing from
before 1800 is shown at all. This
is not a transcription book, but
believes an argument (as
the preface) for providing
for the real thing. Perhaps
to issue, a companion
facilities, particularly a
own *Musikwissenschaftliche*
Rastall's own book
addition to the teaching

MUSIC

Intertextual genetics

Eric Sams

ROBERT PASCALL (Editor)

Brahms: biographical, documentary
and analytical studies
212pp. Cambridge University Press.
£20.
0 521 24522 2

This symposium costs an average £2
per twenty-page essay, each by a noted
specialist. Most are good value, and
one is outstanding. At first glance it all
looks quite like old times, with such
familiar topics as cultural background,
musical music, symphonies and Mozart
influence. But the five detailed
analytical studies, plus the editor's own
commentary on music-editing, confirm
that this is high technology for
advanced students. As the preface puts
it, the contributors are taking "routes
into genetic intertextuality". The
music-loving public can only wish them
luck as it waves them goodbye.

So sustere an approach exacts
equally severe standards of scholarly
accuracy and objectivity. Michael
McGraw offers a timely and often
perceptive account of Brahms's
eclectic absorption in contemporary
science, philosophy, art and literature;
he suggests that "A. W. Schlegel's
Lucubratus" is "a significant
when it is in fact non-existent. Again,
David Osmond-Smith has much that is
fresh and rewarding to say about the
Fourth Symphony; but he need not
blush his personal feelings into
universal rules of composition and the
notable Schumann for failing to follow
them. George Bozarth rightly refers
to the risks of reading Brahms's
emotional frustrations into the *Lieder*;
but too much of his own offering is just
known opinion (dull and wrong, in my
opinion) of Max Kalbeck's opinion of
the poetry and music of "Vorländer".

So the few routes are not without
their stumbles and pitfalls; and their
directions deliberately by-pass
familiar views. Quite right, too, though
Brahms's acute analyses of those
musical sermons, the *Vier ernste
Gesänge*, hardly mention their texts
as they say they are "sacred" (though
apparently not to him). In a
Schoenbergian sense these songs are seen
to be essentially without words, as if
they were really the *Four Serious
Voicings*. At the same time they are
contemporary poems. James Webster
does not speak for his fellow analysts
in owning that his schematic inter-
pretations of the *Troja Overture* "will
be inadequate, even bizarre,
to some readers"; and this acknowl-
edgment that musical dissections are
very hit as subjective as verbal
descriptions is well worth recording.

From the nursery

John Warrack

LARRY TODD

Mendelssohn's Musical Education:
A Study and Edition of his Exercises
in Composition
192pp. Cambridge University Press.
£21.24655 5

In 1824, at a celebration after the
performance of Mendelssohn's fourth
symphony, Felix Mendelssohn, Carl Zeller
declared that his pupil could
be compared to the young
company of Bach, Haydn and
Mozart. Mendelssohn was within a few
years of his fifteenth birthday; and
Zeller, for all his faults, was a serious
and accomplished musician, not given to
hyperbolic pronouncements.
Indeed, Zeller has gone down in
history as the epitome of the earnest
young man who, in the strictest possible
study of the old masters, which
Zeller meant the great teacher of his
own teachers Kimberger and Fasch,
J. S. Bach, from the Denke Collection
in the Bodleian. R. Larry Todd has
sorted and arranged the manuscripts of
Mendelssohn's juvenile composition
exercises; and his exhaustive study of
them really has twofold value. In the
first place, the student who pores
through the actual music examples that
form half the book can observe the
patient craft that was added to natural
genius, not to mention the extremely
traditional instruction that was then
the rule in Berlin.

More importantly for most readers,
there are demonstrated some of the
characteristics that were to mark
Mendelssohn's art. His devotion to
Bach, as with the famous revival of the
St Matthew Passion, was enduring; but

and applauding. But I think that many
of Dr Webster's readers will find him
illuminating, even revelatory. He even
achieves a convincing correlation
between the lay-out of the overture's
individual features and its expression
of sadness. The latter suggests to me
that its opening theme may embody
a motto in every sense, with
the acroymic connotations of
F A E, "frei aber eiasam". On any
analysis there is no doubt that the
inward aspect of Brahms the chess-
player, punster and musical encephaler
in the Schumann tradition is especially
amenable and propitious to intellectual
appraisal even when, as in Jonathan
Dunsby's ingenious ascriptions of
thematic unity to the *Fantaisie* Op 116,
its results are more speculative than
verifiable. Brahms is rightly seen,
therefore, in his 150th anniversary
year, as both the culmination of an old
era and the inauguration of a new one.

The German school is best equipped
to instruct us on that historical
perspective, an assignment effectively
fulfilled by Imogen Fellinger on the
undeniably formative Mozart
influence, and by Siegfried Kross on
the symphonies, including their
Schumannian affinities. Virginia Hancock
writes well on what Brahms absorbed
from early choral music, Italian as well
as German, into his own. It is good to
learn that the supposedly lost *Missa*
concerto of c. 1836 has surfaced in time
for first performance in Vienna this
May. Its already known "Benedictus"
duly cited as the first of some seventy
well-reproduced music examples and
plates, looks especially interesting in
its thematic and textual links with the
First Piano Concerto.

Last, and best, there is the editor's
own essay on Brahms and the
definitive text, which itself deploys
some well-nigh definitive criteria and
expertise. I trust the sponsors of the
planned *Neue Gesamtausgabe* will
take due note of this outstanding
scholarship, the more impressive in
my view for being directed to a practical
end, as well as for demonstrating the
far from well-documented fact that the
logical is a necessary component of the
musicological. I have to add though
that Robert Pascall is better on
Brahms's editorial blue-pencilling than
his own. Clarity begins at home; and
the text of this symposium needed
better translation in places (eg.
Brahms "conceiving from the piano")
and sterner discipline throughout for
such lazy phrases as "A different
question to arise from speculating
about the unity of this collection is the
nature of the unity of its elements" and
so forth. A bibliography would have
been useful; of course all the Max
Kalbeck references should have been
included in the index, which is
generally too selective; there are one
or two small but tiresome errors.

musical advice, that Berlioz's *Feux
sacres* was "an incestuous abortion".
Even as Mendelssohn was earning his
accolade from the old man, he was
beginning his own voyage upon the
seas of Romanticism, and suggestions
of Field, of Macchiusi, of Weber and
Beethoven were beginning to seep into
his style.

But the early days — which for
prodigiously gifted young Felix were
virtually the nursery days — were
occupied with the strictest possible
study of the old masters, which
Zeller meant the great teacher of his
own teachers Kimberger and Fasch,
J. S. Bach, from the Denke Collection
in the Bodleian. R. Larry Todd has
sorted and arranged the manuscripts of
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traditional instruction that was then
the rule in Berlin.

More importantly for most readers,
there are demonstrated some of the
characteristics that were to mark
Mendelssohn's art. His devotion to
Bach, as with the famous revival of the
St Matthew Passion, was enduring; but

In constant upheaval

Paul Griffiths

DAVID SCHIFF

The Music of Elliott Carter
371pp. Ernst Eulenburg Ltd, 46
Great Marlborough Street, London,
W1. £22.50.
0 903873 06 0

American music is so difficult. How,
John Cage once asked himself, could
one make people free without making
them foolish? And it is not only his
Isaac-faire music that demonstrates
the elusiveness of the serious and
sensible in the land of the free, musical
foibles have waited at every turn. That
most of them have been interesting,
too, is only a measure of how hard it is
to be consistently foolish. There is the
example of Charles Ives, becoming a
law unto himself but still appealing
powerfully to the rest of us, or Milton
Babbitt, pretending that composition
is a kind of academic research but
creating the most marvelous music, or
Cage again, disclaiming authority but
smiling, sunny and wholly himself on
every random page.

Upon this field of magnificent Don
Quixotes, one man has had the
audacity simply to be a great
composer: Elliott Carter. For Carter
there seems hardly to have been any
doubt that his business was making
masterpieces; for the last thirty years
he has created little else. This has made
him a composer of a European sort, for
the composing of masterpieces is not
something that Americans have much
gone in for. It is not surprising,
therefore, that Carter's reputation
should be as great on this side of the
Atlantic as on the other. Two of his
last three works had their first
performances in England; the third, his
Triple Duo, was written for an English
ensemble, the Fires of London. And
now a London publisher is responsible
for initiating the first study of his
music, appearing in his seventy-fifth
year.

The first thing to be said about David
Schiff's monograph is that it is as rare
among American books on music as
Carter is rare among American
composers. In other words, it is
human. It does not suppose that
music has no meaning beyond what can
be expressed in hard-nosed structural
analysis, nor does it imagine that pieces
can be explained by a few ecstatic
remarks of approval. The tone is
sympathetic to Carter, even at times
celebratory; but then anything else
would be irresponsible in the first
major survey, and Schiff's inside view
(he was Carter's pupil) is thoroughly
beneficial when it is so watchful and so
well matched by observations of the
world outside.

This also shows in his lifelong
fascination with chorales (as a living
style, not an invocation of the past as
with Wagner), and in his habit of
surrounding his "metaphor" with a
dangerous amount of contrapuntal
complexity. Todd has already, in an
article in *19th Century Music* in 1979,
shown how such an apparently
effortless piece as the *Hebrides*
overture had to go through several
revisions before the worried composer
felt that the needless complexity had
gone and that there was a true balance
between Classical form and Romantic
content. One is tempted to wonder
whether Zeller's firm tethering of the
young Mendelssohn's talent in the
music of a past age may have
affected his ability to grow and to
weather the storms of Romanticism;
but too many other factors operate for
one to lay at Zeller's door the charge
of responsibility for Mendelssohn ac-
tually falling to take his place with
Bach, Haydn and Mozart.

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42ND STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10017.

This helps to make it what it most
needed to be: a link between Carter's
music and his reputation, for the latter
has tended to burgeon beyond
experience of the former, especially
when performances remain rare and
many major works are available here
only on specially imported records.
Schiff provides the background, the
information and the orientation for a
true appreciation of Carter's
achievement, and he does so by
attacking first the central questions.
What distinguishes Carter's music and
makes it important? And what are the
features that give his style elasticity
within the boundaries of this personal
identity?

The preparatory chapters on aspects
of style — rhythm, form, texture and
harmony — are plain, to the point and
cogent. Doubts arise only about
Schiff's coinage of the term "epiphanic
development", though this seems to
owe to Carter himself. The essence of
Joyce's epiphany is surely that they
are single and highly unusual events,
whereas Schiff's "epiphanic develop-
ment" is the common process in
Carter's music and could be better
described as perpetual evolution, for
Carter's musical world is one of
constant rushing upheaval. That is
what makes his works so exciting to
hear and so hard to analyse.

When it comes to analysing
particular works — and the bulk of the
book is a voyage through everything
from a 1928 Joyce song to the *Night
Fantasies* for piano of 1980 — there is no
room for exhaustive dismemberment,
and happily so. It is, after all, easier to
listen to such a stunning piece as
Carter's First Quartet than it would be
to unravel the dozen of pages that any
adequate analysis would have to
occupy (the same is true of a
Boethoven quartet). It is also more
fun. What Schiff does is to add to
thoroughly revised and updated to in-
clude chapters on Owen Wingrave and
references and compass bearings. He

points out the themes, charts the
forms, identifies the underlying
harmonies and quotes key moments
from the storm (there are 120 music
examples, all in full score, and forty
charts of analysed elements).

All this is leavened with a gift for
metaphor normally distrusted by
American musicologists, as when he
describes how the first violin at the end
of the First Quartet "completes the
motion of the work in solitude, slowing
the music to stillness on a celestial high
E, a single star in the desert sky". For
anyone who has heard the work, this is
not just vain poeticism but a valid
pointer to the nature of Carter's
imagination. Similarly Schiff's
references to other arts (Hart Crane
provides a potent sub-theme of the
book) fertilize the argument and
suggest that Carter's emergence as the
first authentic American great
composer depended on there being a
rich, authentic American culture,
incorporating the work of composers
(Ives, Varèse, Wolpe), poets (Crane,
Lowell), choreographers and painters.

As much appreciation of that
multiform tradition is shown here as of
Carter's multifarious music, and the
book is backed by a comprehensive
bibliography, discography and work
catalogue, can think of no living
composer who has been better served.

Two books on Benjamin Britten
reissued recently in paperback are
Michael Kennedy's *Britain*, in the
"Mester Musicians" series (356pp.
Dent, £5.95, 0 460 02201 6), which is
divided into "Life" and "Music" (the
latter including brief accounts of all
Britten's major compositions) and has
a calendar, list of works and
discography; and Eric Walter White's
Benjamin Britten: His Life and Opera
(322pp. Faber, £7.95, 0 571 11946 8).
It is also more
thoroughly revised and updated to in-
clude chapters on Owen Wingrave and
Death in Venice.

A new series from Yale . . .
Composers of the Twentieth Century
Allen Forte, General Editor
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composer's works with emphasis upon developments in structure and
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Editing Giuseppe Verdi

Julian Budden

Ours is the age of the Critical Edition — not to be confused with the mere Collected Works. The difference can be seen by comparing the old Mozart *Werke* with the *Neue Mozart Ausgabe* begun in 1955, the first little more than an assembly of old Breitkopf editions, the second based on primary sources, including the autograph where available, and equipped with a helpful apparatus of critical notes. The Critical Edition slugs at being practical as well as scholarly. All notational signs and updated except where no modern equivalent exists, as in the case of the inverted wedges to be found over some of Mozart's notes; editorial additions, each indicated typographically; each score is supplied with corresponding material. Such are the principles which have guided the Berlioz Society's edition, begun in 1967, and the Critical Edition of the Works of Giuseppe Verdi, launched in 1976.

As befits an operatic composer, the Verdi edition had a dramatic origin. Ever since the late 1950s the Australian conductor Denis Vaughan, then working in Italy, had been proclaiming that Ricordi's printed scores of Verdi and Puccini contained discrepancies from the autographs that seriously distorted the composer's intentions; and that after comparing the autograph of *Falstaff* in Ricordi's archives with the published version he had found not less than 27,000 falsifications in that opera alone. By 1961, when the Verdi copyright was about to expire according to Italian law and the Casa Ricordi was applying to the Government for an extension of it, Vaughan's crusade had created a scandal. Leading critics and conductors took sides; questions were asked in the Italian Senate. Vaughan's chief adversary was Giulio Confalonieri, one of the most colourful personalities of the Italian musical world, who, after lambasting his opponent in the columns of the magazine *Epoca*, of which he was music critic, challenged him to a public debate before a panel of professional musicians. Here he attacked the

conductor with a personal savagery which made the most violent of English polemics seem like polite drawing-room conversation. Listeners learned of the "young man in the ill-fitting suit" (Italians always expect Englishmen and presumably Austrians to be well-dressed) who "caded free meals in the canteen of the Via Salomone" and much else besides. Nevertheless the panel's verdict, that Vaughan had not made good his claim, can hardly be faulted. Too many of the "discrepancies" referred to passages where in the autograph the composer had left his first violins *plausissimo* and had left his seconds, violas, cellos and basses without any dynamic marking at all. The editor had extended the *pp* to the lower strings as well, knowing that they could not play otherwise without upsetting the balance. To count such a passage as showing four discrepancies between printed score and autograph is literally correct but practically meaningless. Yet that was one of the ways in which Vaughan arrived at his astronomical figure; and so the good evidence that he could supply sank beneath the weight of the bad.

However, once the tumult and the shouting had died it became evident to all musicians, the Casa Ricordi included, that there was room for improvement here and that a critical edition would be desirable. The orchestral score of *Macbeth*, for example, that is currently available for hire has been "edited" not by a scholar but by an experienced conductor of a generation that was not above a little "seasoning" or "re-voicing" for the sake of effect. On the other hand even the composer's autograph is not always an infallible guide to his final intentions. The copyist's score and indeed the first printed edition may contain modifications sanctioned by him but not subsequently entered into the original manuscript (this is especially true in the case of *Falstaff*). Anyone who examines the Venice score of the original *Shun Bocca* version of 1857 will find a more elaborate version of the ending of Paolo's "racconto" than the one he knows. The explanation lies in a letter of Verdi's to Tito Ricordi enclosing the simpler version and begging him to

print it in all subsequent scores since which made the most violent of English polemics seem like polite drawing-room conversation. Listeners learned of the "young man in the ill-fitting suit" (Italians always expect Englishmen and presumably Austrians to be well-dressed) who "caded free meals in the canteen of the Via Salomone" and much else besides. Nevertheless the panel's verdict, that Vaughan had not made good his claim, can hardly be faulted. Too many of the "discrepancies" referred to passages where in the autograph the composer had left his first violins *plausissimo* and had left his seconds, violas, cellos and basses without any dynamic marking at all. The editor had extended the *pp* to the lower strings as well, knowing that they could not play otherwise without upsetting the balance. To count such a passage as showing four discrepancies between printed score and autograph is literally correct but practically meaningless. Yet that was one of the ways in which Vaughan arrived at his astronomical figure; and so the good evidence that he could supply sank beneath the weight of the bad.

But such an edition is an expensive undertaking; and the Verdi project has had to wait several years until the University of Chicago Press offered its services in partnership. An editorial committee was then formed, with Philip Gossett of the University of Chicago as co-ordinator. The first opera chosen was *Rigoletto*, partly because it poses fewer problems than most, and partly because a critical edition of it had already been begun by the Haydn scholar H. C. Robbins-Landon, who needed only to be asked to complete it. The usual delays and vicissitudes followed. After giving invaluable advice in the laying out of guidelines, Robbins-Landon withdrew from both the editorial board and the editorship of *Rigoletto* and was replaced in both functions by Martin Chusid from the University of New York, who as Director of the American Institute of Verdi Studies had done much to bring about the joint publishing venture. The new *Rigoletto* appeared in print this year and given its baptism on March 13 at the Vienna Opera under Riccardo Muti (always a good friend to Verdi scholarship). The occasion was not free of incident. Renato Bruson as Rigoletto was much appreciated for his beautiful tone and sensitive musicianship; Editta Grubcova likewise for the range of colour and expression which she brought to Gilda. But Franco Bonisolli, a last minute and unsatisfactory replacement for the Duke, was booed and jeered throughout. There were some boos for Muti as well, though whether directed against him personally or the edition it is hard to say. That the publicity attending it had aroused some hostility among the notoriously conservative

Viennese had been made clear at a previous day when, at a "congress" associated with the performance, a certain large man made a highly offensive speech denouncing the edition as a "snuff" money for the two publishers; some appreciative clapping among the audience showed that was not alone in his view. Then Pierluigi Petrobelli, director of the Italian Institute of Verdi Studies, was firmly put in his place without a scene and nothing was heard from him.

Meanwhile, what differences were to the ear as between the new version and the old? Was the experience of viewing the newly cleaned *Bocca* the Uffizi? Well, hardly. All an average opera-goer would be noticed was the absence of certain notes to which he is accustomed, and those high notes do not appear in the score of *Rigoletto*; their inclusion otherwise is not under editorial control. You do not need a critical edition to tell you that the peculiar note of the monologue "Parliamoci" is not a G, but a G-sharp, and that the conductor, but a G-sharp, unless the conductor has the will to the authority to decree otherwise.

So, one might ask, what is the use of a critical edition if it does not produce any audible surprise? The answer is that it exists for the benefit of the listener, not the performer. By making the author's intentions clear as possible, it enables him to resolve certain ambiguities and to make certain decisions of which, once he is taken, the audience is wiser. It is a "p" in square brackets, a phrase mark in a dotted line, but it is for an editor's marking and is therefore free to disagree with, however reasonable. The myth of the "unmusical" musicologist, the man who seeks to clip the wings of a performer's inspiration, dies, though exploded more than 40 years ago by Thurston Dart in a book, *The Interpretation of Music*, which shows the development of the individual, and the appeal to Soviet audiences by the way they trace the varying character and experiences of successive generations during the Soviet period, for British audiences, more familiar with a comic tradition which feeds on preconceptions of class, Arbuzov's play presents a certain novelty; this, together with their historical interest and reflection of universal human emotions, has enabled several of them to be produced successfully in this country. But they have not been favourably received by the critics; their positive, moral endings, their bright optimism and their heroes who discover a vocation in self-sacrifice, are naive or insincere to us. The publication of five Arbuzov plays in English allows us to consider whether it is principally the lack of political protest in them which, as Richard Croul argues in his foreword, provokes such misgivings about the significance of Arbuzov's work.

When Arbuzov looks back to the appropriations of 1928 in *The Twelfth Hour* (1958), he consciously parodies a Chekhovian setting as a counterpoint to a play that is anything but nostalgic. It looks forward, beyond the abolition of private enterprise, to a more utopian horizon where all monopolies — in capital, in art, in knowledge or in love — will equally be overcome. The 1954 play *The Promiss* is a guarded optimism about the post-Stalinist era. The three characters who first meet in the allego of Leningrad later come to recognize that the fact of having survived at all places a burden of responsibility on them. In 1946 the library at home, alas, the price was not low enough for this to happen. It is a "p" in square brackets, a phrase mark in a dotted line, but it is for an editor's marking and is therefore free to disagree with, however reasonable. The myth of the "unmusical" musicologist, the man who seeks to clip the wings of a performer's inspiration, dies, though exploded more than 40 years ago by Thurston Dart in a book, *The Interpretation of Music*, which shows the development of the individual, and the appeal to Soviet audiences by the way they trace the varying character and experiences of successive generations during the Soviet period, for British audiences, more familiar with a comic tradition which feeds on preconceptions of class, Arbuzov's play presents a certain novelty; this, together with their historical interest and reflection of universal human emotions, has enabled several of them to be produced successfully in this country. But they have not been favourably received by the critics; their positive, moral endings, their bright optimism and their heroes who discover a vocation in self-sacrifice, are naive or insincere to us. The publication of five Arbuzov plays in English allows us to consider whether it is principally the lack of political protest in them which, as Richard Croul argues in his foreword, provokes such misgivings about the significance of Arbuzov's work.

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Michael Nicholson

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Solzhenitsyn came out of Ekibastuz labour camp in March 1953 with an eight-year sentence behind him and some 10,000 lines of original verse and prose locked in his memory. Among them were the four-act comedy *Victory Celebrations* (more usually known as *Feast of the Victors*) and seven of the twelve scenes which make up his tragedy *Prisoners*. In the precarious conditions of his internal "exile in perpetuity", Solzhenitsyn completed *Prisoners* and began a third play, *The Love-girl and the Innocent*. To this

he added a dramatic trilogy he gave the general title "1945". As British publishers of *The Love-girl and the Innocent*, the Bodley Head now add the remaining two works to their list, following the belated appearance of the Russian texts two years ago as part of Solzhenitsyn's authorized collected works.

The importance of the two "new" plays far surpasses the immediate question of their services to these translations. Apart from the long poem *Prussian Nights* (1950), *Victory Celebrations* is the earliest substantial piece of writing by Solzhenitsyn to appear in print. In fact, *Prussian Nights* and *Victory Celebrations* once formed Chapters 9 and 10 respectively of *The Road (Dorozhenko)*, a vast parent work which accounted for the bulk of Solzhenitsyn's creative and mnemonic achievement while in captivity.

In *Prussian Nights* we were swept into East Prussia with the narrator and his artillery unit in the closing stages of the Second World War, and were caught up with him in an orgy of retribution and licence which his conscience struggled in vain to accommodate. In *Victory Celebrations*, we see that same narrator a few days later, this time from without.

Julie Curtis

ALEXANDER ARBUZOV

Selected Plays
Translated by Ariadne Nicolaeff
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Arbuzov, now in his seventies, is one of the most popular establishment playwrights in the Soviet Union. His humourously lyrical plays take as their principal theme the spiritual development of the individual, and they appeal to Soviet audiences by the way they trace the varying character and experiences of successive generations during the Soviet period, for British audiences, more familiar with a comic tradition which feeds on preconceptions of class, Arbuzov's play presents a certain novelty; this, together with their historical interest and reflection of universal human emotions, has enabled several of them to be produced successfully in this country. But they have not been favourably received by the critics; their positive, moral endings, their bright optimism and their heroes who discover a vocation in self-sacrifice, are naive or insincere to us. The publication of five Arbuzov plays in English allows us to consider whether it is principally the lack of political protest in them which, as Richard Croul argues in his foreword, provokes such misgivings about the significance of Arbuzov's work.

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Darker still is the mood of *Prisoners*. Set in a SMERSH prison-cell in 1945, it anticipates *First Circle* and *The Gulag Archipelago* in its presentation of a gallery of political prisoners of widely differing backgrounds, from former POW's to a professor and a *kolkhoz* chairman. It is, moreover, Solzhenitsyn's first portrayal of the interrogation procedures of the Soviet security police. Based in part upon the circumstances of his own first captivity, it also draws heavily upon the biographies of others whom he was to meet in the camps. Among the characters who later reappear in *First Circle* are the anguished communist, Lev Rubin, and the naive hedonist,

juxtaposes a young man's Moscow flat and a geologist's camp in Siberia; during the play the young artist comes to recognize that his life-style is paradoxical, while the geologist learns the human cost of excessive dedication to her work.

The translator, Ariadne Nicolaeff, has had a long acquaintance with the author and his work, and her enthusiasm is evident in the production histories and photographs included in this glossy edition. It is clearly designed to attract the interest of potential British producers. This publication also assumes a certain importance in the light of the major 1981 Soviet edition of some twenty of Arbuzov's plays, which cuts out a number of political references included when the plays were first published separately in the early 1960s. Restored in Nicolaeff's text are comments on the essentially capitalist nature of the peasant class, references to denunciations and to the cult of personality, and a conviction expressed at the end of *The Promiss* that the 1960s "will be produced successfully in this country. But they have not been favourably received by the critics; their positive, moral endings, their bright optimism and their heroes who discover a vocation in self-sacrifice, are naive or insincere to us. The publication of five Arbuzov plays in English allows us to consider whether it is principally the lack of political protest in them which, as Richard Croul argues in his foreword, provokes such misgivings about the significance of Arbuzov's work."

The full texts and the abundance of background information ought to recommend this book to the reader, which is why the unconviction of the translators and the editors' failure to do anything about them is so regrettable. The translator's notes to the plays, often garbled, reveal the uncertainty of her command of English. Errors of translation in the plays produce inaccuracies about specifically Soviet details: she renders "war communism" as "militant communism" and describes a man who is "socially active" as a "worthy Communist" in *The Promiss*; one character is apparently rewarded with 300 grammes (10-11 oz) of millet for saving a little girl's life; to render that quantity as "six pounds" is to obscure the terrible realities of the siege of Leningrad. Elsewhere there are confusions, as when a man proposes a toast to his daughter, due to be born in five weeks time (she is, of course, five weeks old). Sometimes the versions are so stilted as to be unintentionally comical: "Calamity! You are so comely but he's married," and "with the remaining bottles off to the kitchen with you" or awkward, as in "with jolly jolly, Pape brought us up" and "We can't get rid of his hair now for six months."

In her introduction, the translator asks a very pertinent question: "How Russian is the play supposed to feel?" The answer to which surely must be to be found in Nicolaeff's Russian English. The translations as they stand would, one feels, be painful for the actors to perform; as two characters in *The Promiss* are made to say: "Does it hurt?" "Vary."

Sergei Nerzhin (close kin to Glib Nerzhin of *First Circle*) is a serious, somewhat priggish young lieutenant, depicted with considerable irony, but already well launched upon his spiritual odyssey. While attending a sumptuous improvised banquet immediately behind the front-line in honour of a fellow-officer, he becomes involved with a callow, but dangerous investigator from Military Counter-Intelligence (SMERSH), and a woman who is attempting to rejoin her "traitor" husband, now fighting alongside the Germans with Vlasov's Russian Liberation Army. The day is saved in circumstances of high farce, but there is a brooding seriousness to much of the play. In more than one character, fierce Russian patriotism grapples with disgust at the political reality of the Soviet Union and scepticism or contempt for its ideology. When this play fell into the hands of the KGB in 1965, Solzhenitsyn had good cause to fear for his safety.

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The spread of innovation

Arnold McMillin

CARL AND ELLENDEA PROFFER
(Editors)

Contemporary Russian Prose
430pp. Ann Arbor: Ardis. \$25
(paperback \$10).
0 88233 596 0

The last decade and a half has proved to be a rich and exciting period in the history of Russian literature, witnessing the coming to maturity of a wide range of ambitious and innovative writers. That many of them came to publish, especially since 1974, also live in the West reflects the increasingly difficult conditions obtaining in the Soviet Union, and has itself been a major factor in many individuals' development. In this connection the significance of the work of Carl and Ellen de Proffer through their Ardis Press can hardly be exaggerated, and it is high praise to say that *Contemporary Russian Prose* represents one of their most valuable publications, bringing together as it does a wide range of modern Russian writers, represented by some of their best short prose.

The most extended item in the collection is *Belshazzar's Feast* by Vasily Shukshin (1916-76), but also included are two other long short stories or, in the case of Fyodor Iskander's *Belshazzar's Feast*, a chapter from a longer work. In addition to the pieces by Sokolov and Iskander, the anthology comprises Vasily Aksenov's *The Steel Bird* (1965), Vasily Shukshin's *Snowball Berry Red* (1973), Yuri Trifonov's *The Exchange* (1969), Andrei Bitov's *Life in Windy Weather* (1963-64), and Valentin Rasputin's *Downstream* (1972).

The background to these writers and stories is complex. Although all seven works were written in the Soviet Union, only those by Bitov, Shukshin, Trifonov, and Rasputin have been published there; moreover, Bitov and Iskander have both published abroad as well as at home. Thus, since the death of Shukshin in 1974 and of Trifonov in 1981, and the emigration of Sokolov in 1976 and of Aksenov in 1980, the Siberian Rasputin is now one of the very few important Soviet writers publishing exclusively through official channels. Not all the translations are published for the first

time. The Aksenov and the Shukshin both appeared in Ardis collections in 1979; the Trifonov piece has also been printed several times, and the English version of Sokolov's novel appeared separately in 1977, a year after the Russian text. Several of these earlier editions are, however, out of print, so that republication now is undoubtedly worthwhile.

The pieces in the collection are remarkably varied in style and theme, though each strikes the reader as unmistakably Russian (no fault of the translators). Aksenov's *The Steel Bird* is a fantastic allegory reflecting the petty concerns and major apprehensions of urban Russia. In it he attempts a number of stylistic experiments that, despite the story's relatively early date, look forward to such dazzlingly ambitious novels as *The Burn* (1969-75, published 1980) and *The Island of Crimea* (1977-79, published 1981), which have appeared in the wake of his enforced emigration from the Soviet Union. The experiments with jazz techniques and other linguistic play remove this story far from the sub-Stalinist conventions of teenage life with which Aksenov first made his name in the early 1960s.

Also highly original is Sokolov's *A School for Boys*, a remarkably complex, surrealistic novel of personal and social experience. Trifonov's *The Exchange* and Bitov's *Life in Windy Weather* (the latter is also known under the title *A Country Place*) represent different aspects of the Russian realistic tradition, but with none of the over-simplification that has given "socialist realism" such a bad name. The unpolished Bitov is now best known for his magnificent novel, *Pushkinsky Dom* ("Pushkin House"), not yet available in English, but within small compass *Life in Windy Weather* illustrates well his highly distinctive, syntactically complex yet lucid style, brought to bear here on the psychological complexities of an artist's identity crisis.

The novelist Yuri Trifonov, who died in March 1981, had been known since the late 1940s as a competent but conventional writer (his Stalin prize-winning novel *Students* appeared in 1951), when at the end of the 1960s *The Exchange* marked the beginning of a transformation to a far more truthful and, therefore, controversial manner. Rarely has a writer undergone such a sharp conversion unprovoked by an obvious change in

external circumstances (such as emigration), and the last decade of Trifonov's life produced a series of excellent stories and novels about Moscow life, including *Another Life* (1975), *The House on the Embankment* (1976), and *The Old Man* (1978). Perhaps more than any other story in the collection *The Exchange* underlines the pettiness of humdrum Soviet existence, the way of Trifonov's other recent work it has formed the basis of a popular play in Moscow's Taganka theatre, where audiences respond enthusiastically to the vivid actuality of the characters and situations.

Shukshin's best-known story, *Snowball Berry Red*, describes the unsuccessful attempts of an ex-convict to escape his past. As a film, with Shukshin himself as director and star, it has been one of the major international successes of the Soviet film industry, and yet the story, which conventionally almost elicited a film, is in detail and language highly specific to its time and place. No less romantic, but in a quite different way, are the pictures of Abkhazian life painted by the russophone Fazil Iskander, a writer whose tight (ouch conceals considerable psychological and social insight. *Sandro from Chege*, the massive work from which *Belshazzar's Feast* is drawn, has been only partially published in the Soviet Union, and the unfavourably depicted of Stalin, Beria and their henchmen relaxing at a Caucasian banquet shows a side of Iskander's writing that is likely to remain concealed from the Soviet reader for a long time.

The last item in the collection, Rasputin's *Downstream*, is a good example of this writer's attitude to life, to the writer's role, and to the natural environment, particularly in his native Siberia. The story, thematically linked with his later novel *Forever to Maiyora*, serves as a useful reminder that some worthwhile writers have not yet been swept away on the tide of emigration and expatriation that has wrought such drastic changes in the Russian cultural scene of recent years. It is possible, however, that Rasputin's contribution will be the one with least appeal for Western readers, since in theme and style alike his very specificness may render him, like many of his distinguished predecessors, including Pushkin, Leskov, and Platonov, a poor traveller.

Aryanism for the masses

J. D. Noakes

DENNIS E. SHOWALTER
Little Man, What Now? Der
Stürmer in the Weimar Republic
285pp. Hamden, Conn: Archon.
0 208 02893 X

JOHN DORNBERG
The Putsch That Failed: Munich
1923, Hitler's Rehearsal for Power
358pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.
£10.95.
0 207 78260 X

SIMON TAYLOR
Germany 1918-1933: Revolution,
Counter-Revolution and the Rise of
Hitler
131pp. Duckworth. £6.95.
0 7156 1689 7

Julius Streicher, the Nazi Gaulloiser of Middle Franconia in northern Bavaria, is probably the most notorious antisemite of modern times. He owed his reputation primarily to his weekly newspaper, *Der Stürmer*, whose scurrilous and pornographic propaganda was considered repulsive even by some of his party comrades. Dennis E. Showalter had good reason to ponder whether a book on *Der Stürmer* could be anything but academic sensationalism. In fact, however, by asking interesting questions of some vile material, his study makes a useful contribution to our understanding of the development of Nazi antisemitism.

The character of *Der Stürmer* was determined to a considerable extent by the character of Streicher. This is certainly true of its most notorious feature – its emphasis on the sexual threat posed by the Jews to German womanhood, expressed most graphically in the cartoons of Philip Ruprecht (Fips). Indeed, according to the early historian of Nazism, Konrad Felden, for Streicher the racial question was simply a struggle between Aryans and Jews for the female sex.

This sexual component in antisemitism was not of course peculiar to him, although he carried it to an extreme; it was shared by Hitler himself. Indeed, if one looks at *Der Stürmer* in the context of developments both in antisemitism and in the German press, the paper does not appear quite so exceptional. Thus, by the end of the nineteenth century sex had already become a common feature of antisemitic caricature, reflecting a growing public taste for soft core pornography. Similarly, the sensational style of *Der Stürmer* had already been anticipated by the development of the *General-Anzeiger* press before 1914, with its emphasis on scandal in order to attract the mass audience now available following urbanization and mass literacy. As an elementary school teacher, Streicher was far more attuned to this new market than the highly educated and culturally sophisticated editors of the conventional press.

Streicher portrayed himself and his paper as champions of the man in the street, fearless seekers after the truth which was concealed by the establishment and above all by the Jews. In particular, *Der Stürmer* portrayed the municipal government of Nuremberg as a sink of corruption, unresponsive to the needs of its citizens. It personalized this issue with a long-running campaign against the mayor, Hermann Luppe, a distinguished democrat. Professor Showalter has a point when he argues that leading Weimar democrats such as Luppe tended to lay themselves open to this kind of denigration because of the patronizing way in which they treated ordinary citizens. One of the major weaknesses of Weimar democrats was their failure to develop a common touch; they tended to cling to the *Honoratioren* politics of the pre-war world, leaving a vacuum which was to be filled by men like Streicher. Ironically, but unfortunately, for German democracy not typically, before the war Streicher had been an active member of the left-liberal Progressive Party. Returning from the war decorated and promoted to lieutenant of a crack unit, his transition to Nazism is a reflection of the crisis

experienced by the German lower middle class of his generation, but also a comment on the failure of post-war German liberalism to appeal to upwardly mobile men of his background. Though in his particular case perhaps one is expecting too much.

The tone of *Der Stürmer* was violent and vulgar, its typography crude and read and understood. It operated on a shoe-string. Streicher was out to make a profit and he wanted to keep the price low in order to attract the man in the street. He was assisted by the fact that his main source of material was his readers, who submitted accounts of incidents either to air a grievance or as a service to the movement and normally did not expect payment. Showalter argues, on the whole convincingly, that, although certain campaigns were grotesque, notably the accusations of Jewish ritual murder, other articles contained at least a grain of truth. For there were bound to have been some conflicts between employers and employees, landlords and tenants, and even sexual incidents in which Jews figured as well as Germans. Streicher's skill consisted in portraying these incidents as exceptional and uniquely Jewish, interpreting them as part of a consistent pattern of Jewish nefariousness, and alleging a conspiracy behind apparently unrelated events. He used the Jew as a focal point for the acute economic, social and psychic anxieties affecting the German lower middle class during this period. Franconia had the largest percentage of Jews in Bavaria and a long history of antisemitism – a point the author unfortunately fails to take up.

One of the most interesting chapters concerns the question of how *Der Stürmer* was able to avoid legal action so successfully. The history of the paper can be used as a case study of the Weimar Republic's legal response to a threat from the Right. Here Professor Showalter takes issue with the conventional wisdom about the right-wing bias of the German judiciary. While accepting that the judiciary and Bavarian police were indeed

conservative in their political outlook, he argues that in fact they did their duty to the best of their ability. He points out the problems they faced in bringing Streicher to book, notably his immunity from prosecution as a Landtag and then Reichstag deputy and the fact that prosecutions tended to be simply grist to the paper's mill. His arguments are certainly a useful corrective to the sometimes rather over-simple conventional view. But his revisionism goes too far in his conclusion that "where antisemitism interacted with the law, the police and the legal authorities of Nuremberg and Franconia did enough to make the Weimar system work – enough at least to sustain the Jews' general belief that they ultimately lived under a government of justice as well as a government of laws".

How effective was *Der Stürmer*? This study deals only with the period before the Nazi take-over of power when the paper had to survive without official backing in the competitive atmosphere of a free press. Unfortunately, the only fairly reliable circulation figure (13,000) is for December 1927, i.e. before the Nazis became a mass movement. Certainly, it fulfilled its objective in stirring up a lot of controversy and, by 1933, the paper had begun to acquire a national as well as a local audience. Its influence on its audience is debatable. The author suggests that its readers may not have taken the paper's content as seriously as Streicher hoped. He may well have been "seen by Franconians as a man who carried sound ideas to an extreme. The argument's content was less important than its tone as long as its tone was shrill." Certainly, the reports of the political police on Streicher's speeches emphasized the importance of delivery over content. For the average reader the squalid articles and cartoons about Jewish sex offenders were probably primarily interesting for their sexual titillation, with the Jewish aspect largely incidental. On the other hand, the constant denigration of Jews presumably helped to reinforce existing stereotypes, just as the constant sniping at the municipal government

helped to undermine confidence in the existing order.

Although *Der Stürmer* brought Streicher into disrepute with some of his party comrades, his position remained secure – at least until 1933, because he had Hitler's support. He derived to a large extent from Hitler's gratitude for his role during the Munich Beer Hall Putsch of November 1923. John Dornberg's new study of the putsch is an exercise in the fashionable genre of "faction". He consulted the sources and a large number of participants and thus produced a blow-by-blow account of the events, including dialogue and atmosphere of which some is true and some invented. In general, it sounds plausible and, although the writing is pedestrian ("crazy Alps" etc.), it is exciting. Dornberg brings out the chaos of the putsch, the role of Hitler's lack of organizational skill and his failure to formulate any plan for what to do after he had marched into the beer hall, particularly anything well wrong. He is also good at describing the development of the counter-measures which were eventually to thwart the coup. The problem with this genre is that it never knows what is fact and what is fiction. Unfortunately, one's confidence in this author is undermined both by errors of fact and by an inadequate grasp of the wider political situation in Weimar Germany. For example, Hitler took over the leadership of the Nazi Party in 1921 not 1926, there were no Communist "take-overs" in Saxony, Thuringia, and Hamburg; and Kurt Eisner's takeover in Bavaria in November 1918 was not a "comic opera revolution".

Simon Taylor's book contains some pictures of the Hitler putsch but, wisely I think – he refrains from publishing Fips cartoons from *Der Stürmer*. The book provides an imaginative collection of photographs, posters, and pamphlets illustrating the political and social history of the Weimar Republic and a generally sound account of the period. Though clearly primarily intended for school formers, it can be recommended to anyone with an interest in Weimar Germany.

On the lowbrow stage

John Willett

ROBERT EBEN SACKETT
Popular Entertainment, Class, and
Politics in Munich, 1900-1933
194pp. Harvard University Press.
£16.
0 674 68985 2

The idea behind Robert Eben Sackett's short book sounds promising: to study the changing mentality of Munich in a crucial period as reflected on its lowbrow stage. For the old Bavarian capital is still a cultural-political mystery, sometimes beautiful, sometimes repulsive in its evolution from the early twentieth-century city of the Jugendstil and the Blau Reiter, through one of the most radical episodes of the German Revolution to become a centre of cultural reaction and, in due course, the acknowledged cradle of the Nazi movement. How did this happen? The theme has never squarely been tackled; even the evidence is little known, and a well-illustrated account of some of the symptoms would have been particularly interesting now that Munich is once again attracting artists and writers from all over Germany. What is the relationship between the local revival and the wider reaction that is most conspicuous in architecture but to some extent now affects all the arts? Surely there are vital lessons to be learned?

"This book's central methodological argument," we read on the first page, is "that popular entertainment in early twentieth-century Munich reflected the political and social attitudes, ideas and sentiments of its audience." Though the author speaks of tracing his, rather trite principle in the case of the

Munich folksingers, a group of stage entertainers who performed for largely middle-class audiences" he pitches his claim too high. Leaving aside the fact that middle-class is a term almost impossible to substantiate, while "folksinger" conveys something very different from the German *Volksänger* – who was closer to Barry Humphries than to Cecil Sharp – his account deals with two such figures only, whose attitudes in fact differed widely and the nature of whose audience can only be guessed at. They were Karl Valentin and his more right-wing contemporary Weiss Ferdl, real name Ferdinand Weissheltinger. And neither is ever brought to life.

The retelling of once "hilarious" performances is often a funeral affair, particularly when supported by photographs and a pseudo-scholarly generalization about the clown as Outsider. It is a shame, because Valentin, on the evidence of his retuned records and his twenty-nine films (which the author gives no sign of having heard or seen) was one of the world's great comics, a worthy descendant of Nestroy and superior to Laurel or Hardy, if not Keaton, Brecht respected him and got him to collaborate on a programme with Laband, Ringelstein, and himself. Though he too praised him as a "left-handed thinker". But nothing of what interested Valentin still evokes in Germany, where a DTV paperback of his sketches (*Die Raubritter von München*, Szenen und Dialoge) has sold 115,000 copies by the end of 1980. As for Weiss Ferdl, he emerges even deadlier, while geographically the Munich variety cabaret and beer-hall scene seems so flat that it is hard to believe that it meant much to even the most jaded audience. Not only does the reader get no notion of the activities of

such other Munich figures as Ball and Emmy Hennings, Mühsan and Kathi Kobus – who likewise provided topical entertainment for the "middle class", if on a more restricted scale – but there is at the same time none of the feeling for the city that one gets to Feuchtwanger's *Success*. In short, the background is missing.

Though Sackett has beavered away in the Munich state and police archives, no amount of detail can convey much of the groundwork is faulty; thus it is no good citing instances of censorship if the reader is not informed about the difference between the Imperial government and the Bavarian State, or given some insight into the long-standing local mistrust of "the Prussians". Nor do the stylistic mannerisms entirely help: to speak of "folksinger Sailer" or "poet Oskar Maria Graf" does nothing to explain otherwise undeciphered characters. (Graf is best known as a prose writer). Nor every German title should be translated; the result can be grotesquely misleading, as with *Kammerspiele* or intimate theatre. And it is difficult to discuss swellball writhing like Valentin if one thinks *ballgraserei* *Proschaden* equals "with a twinkle in her eye".

The great danger of relying so much on "research" rather than imaginative understanding of time, place and language is that the reader falls to see the wood for the trees. It is more that without a certain familiarity with the wood the writer cannot judge which trees to show us. This book is of course based on a dissertation, where the priorities are perhaps special. But I'm afraid that the forty-odd pages of apparatus at the end only made me wonder about the many interesting trees which may not have been noticed

Objects, Odours

Stale tobacco smoke
gradually gliding
into blood and bone
hauldously
becoming cracked earth

along with
somebody's musty-dusty
awareness of phlox,
nasturtium, wallflower,
a painful pot-pourri

that grips you
clean inside
with its knowledge
of summer grasses, wet spangle
or kitchen bread . . .

Turn, say,
to the language of wood
in an empty schoolroom
or a webby toothless
damp lattice where

hearing
the steady, flowing,
intermittent guff
of your grey elders end, better
you find the thick light suddenly

cleaving,
dullish objects growlog
into a rough concordance: free of your fetters
you catch some crida glist
spot on, gloriously.

Chris Wallace-Grabbie

PSYCHOLOGY

JONATHAN MILLER
States of Mind: Conversations with
Psychological Investigators
312pp. BBC Publications. £9.95.
0 563 20000 6

In Britain the word psychology is still associated in most people's minds with mental illness and the therapeutic couch. To reveal that you are a psychologist is to invite the half-joking, half-embarrassed response, "Then I'd better be careful what I say." In fact, few psychologists either treat mental illness or carry out research on human emotion. Most spend their time running experiments on such mundane matters as perception, memory, problem-solving, motor skills, and the production and understanding of language, in an effort to discover the mechanisms that subserve these tasks. Since these mechanisms are sited in the brain, it may seem surprising that they can be revealed without directly investigating the nervous system. If, however, one knows enough about the nature of a task and the ostensible way in which people carry it out, it is often possible to infer a great deal about the operations that underlie its performance. One would of course also like to know how those operations are instantiated in the brain, and this question is pursued by physiological psychologists, who also work on such problems as how the brain controls hunger, thirst, pain and mood. A further thrust of psychology is the investigation of social interactions and the factors that determine personality. As in other disciplines, psychologists' discoveries have practical implications and these are put to use outside the laboratory by clinical, educational, and industrial psychologists.

Given the range of topics that psychologists encompass, it is hardly surprising that there is a wide variation in the types of theories they propose. In the more scientific parts of the subject, theories may be highly mathematical, or they may take the form of computer programs that simulate the behaviour under investigation, or be cast in terms of the anatomy or neurochemistry of the brain. Theories in social psychology cannot aspire to this degree of rigour and often appear to be attempts at systematizing common sense. Freud himself explained abnormal behaviour by postulating unconscious thought processes which, through the urges of the libido, operate in similar ways to conscious thinking. In manipulating and applying his theories, it is necessary to use one's own intuitions about thought processes. Hence, Freud's mode of reasoning was more akin to that of a detective than to a scientist's and this is why Freud was interested in the popular appeal. He asked the question "Why do things go wrong?", but never thought to ask the much deeper question "Why do things go right?", with which experimental psychologists are mainly concerned and to which no satisfactory answers can be given.

Of all this, we learn very little from *States of Mind*, which reproduces a series of television discussions between Jonathan Miller and fifteen psychological investigators. He has posed an excellent opportunity to expose the layman of what psychology is about and of some of its more interesting developments; this is his pity. It is a pity that Dr Miller should have made up his fifteen from six psychologists, four philosophers, and an anthropologist, a physicist, and so on. It is rather as though Oxford University were to send to the Commonwealth Games four rugby players, four chess players, and a mixed bag of other sportsmen and players. What the reader is left with is a very odd mixture of what Miller seems to know and what he does not. He is clearly not a scientist, but he is clearly not a philosopher either. He is clearly not a physicist, but he is clearly not a biologist either. He is clearly not a chemist, but he is clearly not a geologist either. He is clearly not a meteorologist, but he is clearly not a climatologist either. He is clearly not a geographer, but he is clearly not a historian either. He is clearly not a sociologist, but he is clearly not a psychologist either. He is clearly not a linguist, but he is clearly not a philosopher either. He is clearly not a mathematician, but he is clearly not a scientist either. He is clearly not a doctor, but he is clearly not a lawyer either. He is clearly not a politician, but he is clearly not a businessman either. He is clearly not a journalist, but he is clearly not a writer either. He is clearly not a teacher, but he is clearly not a student either. He is clearly not a parent, but he is clearly not a child either. He is clearly not a friend, but he is clearly not a foe either. He is clearly not a lover, but he is clearly not a hater either. He is clearly not a hero, but he is clearly not a villain either. He is clearly not a saint, but he is clearly not a sinner either. 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